TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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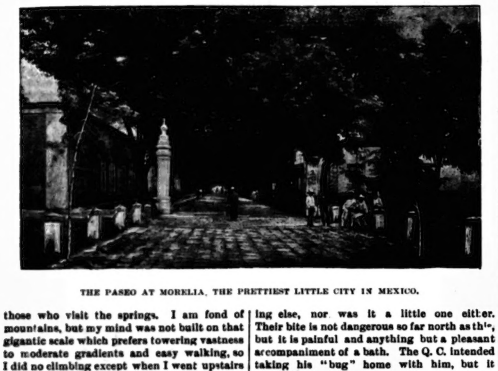
In Search of Summer—No. 3.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEXICO,
January 17, '91.

This place is twelve or fifteen hours and 4,000 feet uphill from Topo Chico and the journey hither and a short stay at Saltillo were better filled with interesting sights and strange stories than any like period since I ceased wondering why I wasn't born rich. I was almost sorry to leave Topo Chico, nature was so beautiful thereabouts and the works of man and man himself were so profoundly otherwise. The mountains of which I spoke last week encircle the village; the Mitre, so named because some vivid imagination could see a resemblance between it and a bishop's cap, the Saddle because it is something like what the Mexicans call a silla, the Sierra Madres because they are no part of the chain of that name, and a dozen other ranges rise with reasonable majesty within the vision of



THE PASEO AT MORELIA, THE PRETTIEST LITTLE CITY IN MEXICO.

those who visit the springs. I am fond of mountains, but my mind was not built on that gigantic scale which prefers towering vastness to moderate gradients and easy walking, so I did no climbing except when I went upstairs to bed. Even looking at the peaks which vary from two to five thousand feet above the valley made me tired, and for the last week I have turned my attention almost entirely to taking baths and nourishment, varied by an occasional ride or witnessing a game of cards in what was declared by the sign over the door to be the "Sala." Do not think this was a gambling house; it was a long room with a piano in one end and a dwarf stove in the other. In this parlor our society of bathers gathered at night, and the performance began by a gentleman from Missouri and a lady from Canada playing on the violin and piano respectively, resurrecting from the tuneful past such gay airs as the Arkansas Traveller, Natchez Under the Hill, Sweet By-and-Bye, the Devil's Dream, Home Sweet Home, Washerwoman's Quickstep, Swanee River, etc., then cards—I wonder how people can, night after night, play cards for fun—with amazing discussions as to certain tactics which were alleged to have caused victory or defeat to the players. Books and reading of any sort were almost unknown, and as the days grew into weeks thoughts became equally scarce. Yet the climate is invigorating and exercise such a pleasure that laziness was an infrequent complaint. It is surely enough a restful spot and every English speaking person in it is driven to fraternize and scandalize with everybody else who can understand what it is all about. In this way we got to know each other's business and failings with remarkable suddenness, and when conversation in the "Sala" took a very sharp curve or ceased altogether, I became aware that the subject of it had just then entered the door. Notwithstanding this I never in a hotel saw a friendlier or more elastic feeling than prevailed; it was pleasant.

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The bath house is large and the center of all American life, for there are many bathers who have rooms or live in boarding houses which charge $6 per week. A man can stand the fare he gets in a cheap Mexican boarding house if he is either very well or very sick, but a woman used to anything nice would prefer to be almost anywhere else. I said the bath house was large; it is about the only thing to recommend it, except the wonderfully curative waters which flow through it. It is the property of an American—Major Randle—who is manager of the hotel, the street car line from Monterey, and one of the lines therein. He has had much to contend with, and his enterprise is this season suffering severely from a bad smallpox scare in Monterey and Topo Chico. He states that the ignorance and prejudice of the natives have placed many stumbling blocks in his way, and I can understand such difficulties much more easily than the bad service he gives his patrons. For instance, one Mexican who speaks no English attends to the baths of both the men and women. There is nobody to rub those who desire such treatment—two scanty towels and a big wooden boxful of water are all he furnishes for fifty cents per bath. It sometimes happens that such a scarcity of attendants embarrasses both the bathers and the superintendent. A lady taking her first bath while I was there discovered an enormous cockroach in the act of trying to get into her shoe. You may not believe it, but the roaches down here are often a couple of inches long and have a head on them like a bumble bee. This particular roach appears to have been of this size and the lady who happened to be in the bath thought it was a tarantula—that huge and poisonous spider of which everyone has read. She shrieked, threw her sponge at the reptile and sprang from the water onto a chair. The "critter" fled, and it so happened that the lady could reach her clothing and had courage enough left to get into it, but there wasn't another woman in the building at the time and even the kindly superintendent could not soothe the frightened lady. This reminds me of an adventure the Q. C. had with an "insek." His bath room was next to mine, and while I was dressing he called me to come and examine a curious something which was crawling along the top of the tub. I found him quite unconcerned as he sat paddling in the water, while he explained that if the pictures he'd seen were anything like true to life his visitor was a scorpion. I got the manager, who laughed at the idea of a scorpion, but when we captured it, lo, it was nothing else, nor was it a little one either. Their bite is not dangerous so far north as this, but it is painful and anything but a pleasant accompaniment of a bath. The Q. C. intended taking his "bug" home with him, but it mysteriously disappeared before he got his clothes on, and it can never rise up in evidence as to what the proprietor of Topo Chico springs might do if he and his enterprises had not become so Mexicanized as to be worse than the product of the soil. It is all very well for Americans to berate the Mexicans, yet so far as I have been able to learn the greatest fossil, the greediest dog in the manger, is the "American" who, after getting hold of a good thing and not being able to work it himself, refuses to let any one else have a chance. The springs themselves are probably as good, if not better, than any in the world, yet while I was going south a dozen people told me to go elsewhere, as Topo Chico was so badly run. Major Randle is perhaps unaware of the reputation his policy is procuring for him abroad, and as this may meet his eye, and I may not, with my usual candor I say something which may be new to him. He is as unpopular in Monterey as elsewhere and it may be useful for him to know it. I saw no one at the baths who had not been benefited. Many were going away cured of diseases of the stomach, rheumatism, eczema, partial paralysis, etc., but not one of them had a word of praise for the proprietor or his policy. The fact is the waters of Topo Chico are being used in spite of the man who has them rented for seventy-two years. He is talking of a new bath house and a big hotel; they are both needed and would be popular and prosperous if he abstained from their management. The climate, particularly for the afflicted who are up in years, is a marvel, though as yet I am unprepared to say that it is the best in Mexico.

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Monterey is no mean city. It has 50,000 inhabitants, and is having the greatest boom of any Mexican city. It is the headquarters of American enterprise in this country, and I am told will surely be the manufacturing center of Mexico. Some of our "realestaters" might settle there without being missed at home. Of course the city is full of historical interest; there isn't an old Mexican hamlet without its legends and points of interest. Mexico is well called the Egypt of the New World. Its story is older than ours, and the races preceding the Spaniards seem to have a place with the Israelites and to be contemporaries of Moses, Confucius and Uncle James Beaty. The Battle of Monterey and General Taylor's capture of it by climbing the hill behind the Bishop's palace are recent events belonging to the indefensible war made by the United States on Mexico. The scene of the battle and the ruins of the Bishop's palace are the main points of interest. The palace, which had never been completed, stands on a high hill overlooking Monterey, and behind it is another and higher hill. General Taylor, while engaging the Mexicans elsewhere, marched over the rear hill, captured the fort, turned the guns on Monterey, and thus took the battery. It was like a school boys' fight, and many a youngster has shown better generalship defending a snow-man or a cornstalk play-house than the Mexicans did in defending Monterey. The hill is an interesting place geographically as well as historically. From it can be seen a fertile valley one hundred miles wide, which beyond the reach of vision stretches on and on between the mountains towards the Gulf of Mexico. White and dusty roads lead across the plains to towns and villages hidden behind the horizon. Mountains near and mountains far, in varied hues make one forget that scores of miles separate them, and thousands of feet difference in altitude are marked by hazy lines no wider than the figures of the paper on the wall. The smoke of smelters, and the tall chimneys of modern enterprise are uplifting themselves in the suburbs, while houses as antique as those from whose tops the ancients prayed, cluster in white, somnolent lines, their inmates not yet aroused from the siesta or the last century. Railroads intersect each other and glisten across the plain, long lines of cars, accentuated by clouds of smoke, creep toy-like far away, while ox-carts such as Moses used to move out of Egypt, wait at the crossings or creak slowly into town. Mules and donkeys laden with fodder, crockery, wood, or ore, still toil along the dusty roads, their sandal-shod drivers despising the railway as a modern and overestimated invention which will soon pass away. Women, old and ugly at forty, bear their burdens meekly, and men stumble along laden with bricks, wood and water beneath the wires of the electric lights, and from the ruins of the Bishop's palace one can see a people as backward as those who lived before Christ, living unchanged and unmoved amidst the wonders of the end of the world's most wonderous century. It is a strange sight and yet it is but a sample of what Mexico is everywhere furnishing those who come and care to see the bull train and the steam engine in competition.

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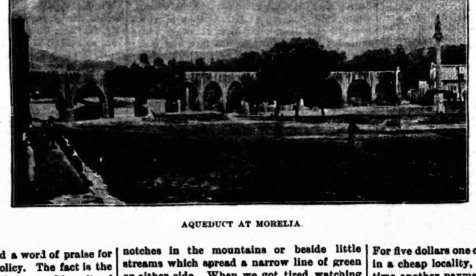
I started in to write up to date, but at page fifteen of my letter I am not yet out of Monterey. There was no first-class coach on the day train to Saltillo, so the Q. C., with a considerable uplifting of the nose, carried our eight valises and bundles into the second-class car, while I struggled with the baggagemaster for the four checks belonging to our trunks. There was plenty of room, and in some respects more than enough company, but the sixty-seven-mile ride to Saltillo was delightful, even if it took from eight o'clock in the morning until 2.30 p.m. We were climbing all the time, winding up narrow gorges, creeping along



AQUEDUCT AT MORELIA.

notches in the mountains or beside little streams which spread a narrow line of green on either side. When we got tired watching the two engines as they sometimes almost ran into the rear cars of the train on the winding road, we studied Mexican life and appetite, as exhibited inside the coach, and marvelled at the happiness and hunger we could neither understand nor share. After so many hours of mountain gorge and glen, after miles of Spanish dagger and cactus it was inexpressibly pleasant to find the train slipping quietly along between fields of magnay, orchards of fruit trees and gardens in which vegetables of every sort were growing. This was Saltillo, which for several years was the southern terminus of the Mexican National Railway, but which is now but the end of a division. It had been said that there were two good hotels in the place and we concluded to stay at the one which forms part of the depot and is one of the eating houses of the line. A girl with sore eyes bade us welcome to a dining-room in which a large game of cards was in progress. We could not have a room "at present," but a couple would be arranged for us. The prospects were very tart so Mrs. Don started on an exploring expedition. She came back with that awfully set expression which announces housecleaning or a determination to "fire" the cook, so I grabbed my share of the luggage and hired a hack for us all. The next experiment was an American hotel uptown. Its name is the Spanish for St. Stephen and the proprietor made no attempt to conceal "a deck and some clips" when we entered the office. Mrs. Don had become somewhat upset by what she saw at the other tavern, and whispered to me that we had better go on or we would surely be murdered in the night. Our rooms faced the courtyard on the ground floor, and as the key was put in our lock, she recognized that we were being placed within easy access of the assassin. After we surveyed the apartment and examined the locks, she still suspected the floor of containing a trap-door or some other dreadful mechanism for the destruction of guests. The cleanliness of the beds and the scrupulous safety of the door and windows finally won her consent to stay alone while I went out to the fountain and got a drink. No trap door having yawned in the meantime things eased up a little.

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Saltillo is, or was, famous for its hand-made serapas or blankets. We proposed to have one and started out therefor. I like Mexico; next to my own land it claims my best regards, but as I am writing the truth, and this means that nothing is to be colored or concealed, I must confess to having seen some very disturbing things in Saltillo. Of course one goes first to the main plaza or square, as from that everything radiates. Wandering a block away we were in front of the amphitheater or bull ring, beneath the seats of which little shops and saloons were so numerous and their occupants so debased that one did not linger. Buying a Saltillo blanket is not now an easy task. The introduction of factories has made the work of the hand loom unremunerative, and the discouraged natives have ceased weaving them. The prices asked for the serapas were high, yet by beginning at the bottom and much bantering they can still be bought, and we procured a couple. A year from now they will not be obtainable, but it will make little difference as they are woven in two pieces like carpet, are stiff and unbeautiful.

ISLAND OF THE BURROS (DONKEYS) LAKE CUITSEO.

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Then we visited the swell cemetery of the town. I am not fond of graveyards, but it was alleged that at this particular burying ground the management exacted the entire pound of flesh, even if said material was not well preserved. The exaction is in the shape of a rental for the spot of holy ground in which the dead are buried. For five dollars one can be planted for five years in a cheap locality, but if at the end of that time another payment is not made by the executors or friends, the corpse is disinterred and thrown over the wall. Of course it is immaterial what becomes of the earthly tenement, but the idea of having it fed to the hogs after slumbering in the grave, gives one a distaste for both pork and burial. We went out and viewed the classic spot in which the *elite* had been put away and though I have seen sights and endeavored to measure human nature in my own feeble way, it was a revelation of barbarity both inexpressible and horrible. At first sight what strikes the visitor is the gaudy tones of the sepulchres. Monuments painted blue look so much like a butcher shop that good taste should forbid the color, yet nothing is more fashionable. Two or three shadings of this slaughter house shade are supposed in Mexico to give an esthetic tone to a sarcophagus. All sorts of tints, ugly always, absolutely repulsive when accompanied by efforts to idealize colors which belong to auction cars or sausage factories, sickened the eye and made one wonder if real sorrow could find such abominable expression. After gazing upon the tombs of departed heroes of state and national politics, I began my search for the disinterred and discarded tenements of those whose friends had failed to pay their rent. A skull now and then, kicking about the grounds, suggested nothing more than an effort to bring the mind to a proper state of thought, and the report which had attracted my attention began to take the shape of a Mexican rumor when the entrance was discovered to be a sort of annex. Inside I stumbled upon a heap of second-hand coffins as big as a house—I mean the heap, not the coffins, for some of them were little things in which a mother had laid her baby away. She must herself have died soon after, for surely had she been alive she could not have forgotten that little box and its baby burden. They were of every shape and material, in every stage of decay, and bones in all conditions were scattered about either in the boxes or in heaps. I shuddered and passed on. Mrs. Don began to sicken and grow faint, and had to be put in charge of a Mexican woman before the Q. C. and I could make further investigations. Horror upon horror was piled in that little triangular space. Black dresses in which women had been buried were kicking about, the rotting lining of the coffins mixing with partially decayed pieces of what seemed like human cuticle. The skulls of infants and the bones of adults were in merry confusion, and after a glance—no civilized person with a stomach could stand more—we hastened away, glancing only for truth's sake at the vast pile of bones and coffins which had been thrown over the wall into the common, and had not even an excuse for being considered anything but rubbish. Since then I have eaten, drunk and slept, but the memory of the desecration of the dead can not be forgotten. The pagans keep holy the burial places of those who died, the Indians fight madly for the uplifted resting places of their warriors, but here is found the idea that if the dead cannot pay their rent they may be fed to the hogs or at least have their bones scattered along the paths of a public resort. At supper we were given ten side dishes of hot meats, vegetables and sweets. We slept well in the room where Mrs. Don expected the trap-door to open. In the evening Dr. Head, an accomplished gentleman, introduced us to Rev. Mr. Powell, who is one of the leading missionaries of Mexico, and we attended the prayer meeting in his church. I shall reserve for an article on The Religion of Mexico all references to topics of this sort, but must say in farewell that while sitting in a little chapel listening to Rock of Ages and Sweet By-and-bye, sung by blanketed Mexicans, there came a sense of the omnipresence of God and the unimportance of man's superstitions, which was the only possible relief to the memory of moulder ing grave clothes tangled about the feet of the visitor to a Mexican graveyard.

DON.

Following are some "Lines on a Skeleton"—which the Q. C. quotes as being an appropriate ending to this letter:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor Hope nor Love nor Joy nor Fear
Have left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Beneath the hollow ovens hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise was chained,
If bold at virtue's cause it spoke,
And gentle concord never broke,
That silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delve the mine
Or with its envied rubies shine,
To hoard the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or to the mourner comfort brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than those that wait on wealth or fame.

It matters not if bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod,
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel wings shall vie
To tread the palace of the sky.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.

Social and Personal.

The At Home under the auspices of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, which took place at Osgoode Hall last Monday evening, was without doubt the social event of the season. No section of the community embraces within its ranks so many clever and beautiful women and handsome and intellectual men as the legal profession, their families and intimate friends. Scores of eminent personages, whom you rarely observe except, perhaps, at a Governor-General's reception, graced with their presence that venerable pile consecrated during the remainder of the year to the sacred cause of Justice, and added by their presence an importance and grandeur to the occasion, which lifted it far above any social event that has taken place during the present season. The success of the At Home reflects the greatest credit upon those to whose untiring efforts and well-directed enthusiasm it is principally due. Earlier in the season, although discussed, it was thought highly improbable that the Benchers of the Law Society and the Ontario Government would consent to the Hall being thrown open, owing to the unceasing cause by last year's fire at the University. However, Mr. Kappelle, the president of the society, supported by the members to a man, entered upon the campaign with a will. Through his agency principally, petition after petition poured in, not only from the city but from all the principal cities and towns throughout the Province, until at last all opposition was conquered, and to-day it is safe to say that none prouder of the great success than the Benchers themselves. No expense was spared to ensure success. The most comfortable arrangements, largest mirrors and numerous attendants were provided for the ladies' dressing rooms. The arrangements for the gentlemen's cloak rooms were also admirable, and it was perfectly wonderful with what system the immense crowd was attended to. The dancing was carried on in the library and Convocation Hall simultaneously—the floors of both rooms being excellent. One orchestra in the hall and another in the library, the two connected by an electric bell, worked together like clockwork, and the very best music the Province can afford made the programme of twenty-two dances pass like an airy dream. The magnificent band of the Q. O. R. discoursed sweet strains in the rotunda. Harry Webb as caterer, supplied an excellent supper. The claret cup concocted by Mr. George Hillier (from wine supplied by the committee) reflected the very greatest credit upon that genial house-keeper, who in many other ways is deserving of the committee's warmest thanks. Elaborately furnished reception rooms invited (and not in vain) tired dancers and conversational chaperones. Names of authors well known and much abhorred by law students, such as Blackstone, Anson, Snell, etc., were placed in prominent places upon the walls, to serve as rendezvous for partners. A squad from "C" Company in uniform, acted as ushers, and firemen also in uniform patrolled the building to guard against fire, and did not leave until the last tired guest had departed. To the following gentlemen among many others, the success of the affair is mainly due: Mr. Kappelle, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. R. A. Grant and Mr. W. J. McWhinney Chairman of the reception and refreshment Committees respectively, and last but not least, Mr. A. Y. Blain the treasurer. They worked like Trojans and richly deserve the success that crowned their efforts.

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One of the chief attractions of the building is the ease with which persons can lose themselves (particularly when desirous of doing so) in wandering through long passages and lofty court rooms, where sweet music, mellowed by distance, forms a fitting accompaniment for tender whispers and anxious sighs. In the corridors was heard the frou-frou of silken skirts, the patter of dainty, slippered feet, and the soft tones and gay laughter of nappy youth and maiden. In the Court of Common Pleas, instead of the ordinary occupant of the judicial throne, beauty in black and yellow appeared to be listening to the unfolding of a most interesting case, and here would be seen a vision in pink or cream enthroned upon the Queen's Bench, with her horrified partner protesting loudly against anything so fickle occupying, even for a moment, the seat of even-handed Justice. The Osgoode At Home of 1891, although now consigned to the pages of history, leaves behind it many pleasant memories to be raked up, perchance, when the frosts of years have whitened the heads of the present generation.

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The following ladies and gentlemen made up the opening double set: Mr. George Kappele and Mrs. Æ. Irving, Mr. R. B. Ryckman and Mrs. Lash, Mr. Æ. Irving and Mrs. Shepley, Mr. Z. A. Lash and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. N. Simpson and Mrs. C. Moss, Mr. W. A. Lamport and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Drayton and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mr. Justice MacMahon and Miss MacMahon, Mr. N. P. Buckingham and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. W. J. Boland and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Justice Street and Miss L. Moss, Mr. G. Shepley and Mrs. Ferguson.

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The following are some of the gowns noticed: Mrs. Æ. Irving, dark blue velvet and point lace; Mrs. Ferguson, black lace and jet; Mrs. Hoskin, black lace; Mrs. Mulock, gray silk with ostrich feather trimming; Mrs. Lash, black satin and jet; Mrs. Aylesworth, apple-green silk, brocaded with pink roses; Mrs Brouse, black lace; Miss Lamport, pink and blue; Mrs. Storm, black silk and jet; Miss McCarthy, crimson tulle; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, yellow satin and gauze; Miss Walker, soft cream silk, with gold embroidery; Miss Boultbee, cream silk; Mrs. Armour, yellow satin brocade with feather trimming; Miss Katie Symons, white silk; Miss Ray, cream silk; the Misses Lash, black and cream lace; Miss Muloch, pale blue gauze over satin; Miss M Mahon, cream with gold embroidery; Miss Edith Dalton, white silk: Miss Blossom Kingsmill, cream silk; Miss Maule, pale yellow gauze; Miss Lily Maule, cream silk; Mrs Osler, black satin and white point lace; Mrs. MacMahon, cream brocade and gold; Mrs. Douglas Armour, black lace and white feathers; Mrs. Arkell, black and amber; Mrs. Drayton, olive green satin; Miss Drayton, white; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white tulle, silk and diamonds; Miss Sibyl Seymour, pink and silver; Miss Meredith, black and scarlet; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, black and red gown; Mrs. James Crowther, black lace and steel fringe; Mrs. Alley, pink silk and cream lace; Miss Fraser of Detroit, white silk and white roses; Miss Bickford, white silk; Miss Parsons, black net and green wreath; Miss Walker, white lisse; Mrs. Cecil A. Gibson, yellow tulle and daisies; Mrs. W. Brouse, black lace moire and diamonds; Miss Fanny Smith, white; Miss Foy, black net and scarlet embroidery; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, old gold silk and tulle; Mrs. William Boultbee, black silk and lace, jet ornaments: Miss Boultbee, white tulle and roses.

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Some of those present were the Misses Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Mr. W. T. Allan, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Miss Ardagh, Mrs. and Miss Aylesworth, Miss Atcheson, Mrs. Anthony, Mr. J. Atcheson, Miss Arnell, Mr. F. A. Anglin, Mr. and Miss Ashworth, Mrs Anderson, Miss Amory, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. G. F. Arnoldi, Mr. H. C. Boulton, Mr. A. W. Ballantyne, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. John Bain, Miss Bain, Mr. James W. Bain, Mrs. and Miss Boultbee, Mr. C. J. Bailey, Mr. and Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Backstock, Miss Beach, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Brown, Mr. C. H. Barker, Miss M. Bridgland, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Miss Mary Bostwick, Miss Boswell, Mr. J. T. N. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. G. A. Badgerow, Mr. A. C. F. Boulton, Miss Brotherhood, Miss Brough, Mr. George C. Biggar, Mr. R. R. Bougard, Miss Burnside, Miss Barnett, Mrs. and Miss Burgess, Miss Bell, Mr. R. W. Bowes, Mr. J. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Brownley, Miss Bucham, Miss Lena Bucham, Mrs. Bull, Miss Carrie Bull, Mrs. Biddulph, Mr. Arthur C. Blackwood, Miss Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baird, Miss Boulton, Miss M. Boulton, Mr. E. F. Blake, Mr. A. G. Brown, Miss W. Buchanan, Miss Burns, Mr. A. M. Boyd, Mr. R. and Miss Brayley, Mr. C. J. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. William Creelman, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, Miss MacCorbett, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, J. H. Coburn, Miss M. Christie, Miss Campbell, Miss E. Cheney, Miss A. Cheney, Mr. E. H. Copp, Mr. L. G. Christie, the Misses Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Croll, Mr. Carling, Dr. J. A. Cressor, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cushman, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crowther, Mr. J. K. Carling, Mr. William Cowan, Miss Cowan, Mr. H. K. Cameron, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. E. Coatsworth, jr., Miss Clara Cox, Mr. A. D. Crooks, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. D. H. Chisholm, Mr. W. C. Chisholm, Miss Cressor, Mr. A. Cressman, Mr. A. D. Cartwright, the Misses Dilworth, Miss Dixon, Miss Duggar, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dawson, Mrs Dick, Mr. C. Dempsey, Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Denison, the Misses Despard, Mr. J. Dixon, Dr. and Miss Dawson, Mr. William Douglas, Mrs. Dempsey, Mr. N. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mr. Frank Drake, Mr. W. G. Dalton, Miss Dalton, Mr. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flett, Mr. C. F. E. Evans, Mrs. H. H. Evans, Mr. W. G. Eakins, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Miss Everett, Mrs. A. Fraser, Miss Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr. B. G. Forsyth, Miss Forsyth, Mr. and Mrs. Folingsby, Judge Finkle, Miss Helen Foy, Miss Teresa Foy, Miss Flood, Mr. J. F. Fitz, Mr. J. M. Field, Miss A. Ferguson, Mr. R. J. Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gregory, Mr. W. M. Grant, Mr. G. W. Grote, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. T. A. Gibson, Mr. E. F. Gunther, Miss Gunther, Mr. R. E. Gunther, Miss Emma Gray, Mr. J. Grant, Miss Grange, Mr. and Mrs. Genereaux, Miss Flora Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Grantham, Mr. W. T. Gray, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Grace, Mr. A. D M. Gordon, Miss A. Gordon, Mr. F. M. Gray, Mr. F. H. Gray, Mr. A. M. Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. N. Glendinning, Miss L. Griffith, Mrs. Horsley, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Haskett, the Misses Hornsworth, Miss Nannie Hillary, Mr. Holcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskins, Mr. A. E. Hoskins, Mrs. Haldersby, Mr. Sherlock Hubbard, Miss Hubbard, Miss J. Hutton, Miss Lucy Howard, Mr. G. A. Harcourt, Mr. F. W. Harcourt, Miss Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison, Mr. C. J. Hughes, Miss Hughes, Mr. Percy Horrocks, Mrs. Heinemann, Mrs. Heron, Miss Hector, Miss Hodgens, Miss M B Henderson, Dr. W. H. Harris, Mrs. Hedley, the Misses Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hilton, Miss Eva Harvy, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jarvis, Mr. Jephcott, Mr. J E. Jones, Dr. G. Johnston, Miss Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Jarvis, Miss E. L. Jones, Mr. R. L. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Mr. J. M. Jones, Mr. J. S. Johnston, Mr. W. R. Johnston, Mr. J. Kerr, Miss Kortright, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur King, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Maude Kirkpatrick, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Grange Kingsmill, Miss Blossom Kingsmill, Miss Lily Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kertland, Miss Kertland, Miss N. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Lindsay, Mr. Wm. Lount, Mr. W. L. Lindsay, the Misses Lee, Mr. Lash, Miss Lash, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. Z. A. Lash, Mr. R. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. F. Lawrence, Miss Leale, Miss Lye, Miss Lewis, Miss Lake, Miss F. Lee, Miss Laughton, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. R. Lowndes, Mrs. L. and Miss Livingston, Mrs. W. and Miss Mulock, Mr. G. S. and Miss Michie, Miss Mary Monk, Mr. W. Leah Miller, Mr. J. H. Moss, Miss Moss, Miss Minnie Moss, Mrs. W. M. and Miss Merritt, Mrs. Matheson, Mr. A. E. Mickle, Mr. Cesare J. Marani, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Millman, Miss Mabel Mulesworth, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. Thomas Malvey, Mr. and Miss Milligan, Miss Meeking, Mr. J. Mitchison, Mr. C. J. Mariatt, Miss Marsh, Miss A. Marsh, Messrs. T. B. and F. R. Martin, Mr. W. H. Murray, the Misses E. A. and F. M. Mason, Mr. Charles Morse, Mr. W. J. and Mrs. Merrick, Mr. G. D. and Miss Minty, Mr. L. Meighen, Miss Major, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. and Miss Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Maddison, Mr. Percy Manning, the Misses Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, and Miss McDougall, Miss E. McGibbon, Mr. William Mackenzie, Miss M. McWhirter, Mr. A. McKenzie, the Misses Somma and Louise McKenzie, Mrs. M. E. Maclennan, Mr. R J. Maclennan, Mr. J. G. Maclennan, Miss McCollum, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Mr. A. McLean Macdonell, Mr. John McKerrall, Dr. McMahon, Capt. McPherson, Mr. D. H. McMahon, Miss Alice McKelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell McDonald, Miss Florence McDonald, Mr. R. O. McCullough, Miss MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. J. K. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McKay, Mr. J. A. and Miss McMullen, the Misses McMeking, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. William and Miss McLean, Mr. A. J. Mackenzie, Mr. J. G. McKay, Mr. A. C. Macdonell, the Misses Macdonell, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. McCollum, Mr. A. and the Misses Murphy, Mr. John McDonald, Miss McWilliams, Mrs. McDermid, the Misses McDermid, the Misses M. and A. Michie, the Misses McCarty, Mr. F. H. Mason, Mr. W. Muloch, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. C. W. Noxon, Miss Lily Nunn, Mrs. Nairn, the Misses Nairn, Mr. J. Nairn, Mr. J. E. O'Connor, Mr. H. S. Osler, Dr. and Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. O'Grady, Miss O'Grady, Mrs. Patriarche, Miss Patriarche, Rev. M. Pidman, Miss Pallin, Miss Phipps, Mrs. James Phillips, Miss Proudfoot, Miss J. Proudfoot, Miss Pattullo, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. D. M Preston, Dr. A. Pope, Miss Parsons, Miss Nellie Parsons, Miss Ethel Pate, Mr. Piddington, the Misses Priestman, Mr. P. E. Ritchie, Miss Richardson, Miss Roberts, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mr. H. Ray, Miss Ray, Mr. D. M. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Miss Louie Reeves, Miss Rich, Mr. G. M. Rae, Miss Rae, Mr. T. A. Staunton, Miss C. Stevenson, Mr. A. B. Scott, Miss Symons, Miss Kate Symons, Mr. D. T. Symons, Mr. D. T. Smith, Mr. D. E Strickland, Mr. P. D. E. Strickland, Miss Sproatt, Mr. Harvey Smith, Mr. F. C. Snider, Mr. E. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. H. and Miss Sullivan, Miss St. George, Mr. C. Swabey, Miss Lily Swabey, Mr. Wile Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stevens, Miss Sedley, Mr. H. A. Sherrard, Mr. Hartley Scott, Miss Street, Miss Amy Street, Mr. Seymour, Miss Skae, Dr. C. E. Sankey, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Mary A. Smith, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Mr. G. R. Sweeney, Miss Seymour, Mrs. Skae, Mrs. Street, Mrs. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Dyce Saunders, Mr. J. D. Shannon, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss C. Smith, Miss Sims, Miss Sankie, Miss Stone, Mr. and Mrs. H. Symons, Miss Todd, Miss M. Thompson, Miss F. Thompson, Mr. John T. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mr. F. Thompson, Mr. W. P. Thompson, Miss M. H. Thompson, Miss Taylor, the Misses Thomson, the Misses Temple, Mr. J. J. Wallace, Miss Wallace, Mrs. Woodbridge, Miss Woodbridge, Mr. C. W. Webb, Mr. I. Watt, Miss Bessie Wylie, Miss Annie Wylie, Miss Louise Weatherston, Mr. G. F. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker, Miss May Watson, Mr. H. C. Webster, Mrs. J. Walker, Mr. H. Wyatt, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mr. J. D. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Watson, Mrs. T. F. Webb, Miss Vivian, Mr. and Mrs. Vickers, Miss Virtue, Miss Vance, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warrington, Miss Walker, Mr. R. Young, Miss Young.

•

Miss Parsons of Grange avenue welcomed friends to afternoon tea on Thursday last.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon have issued invitations for a ball at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms on Monday night.

•

Mrs. Blackstock will welcome guests to dinner on Monday night.

•

Col. and Mrs. Sweny have issued invitations for a dinner party on Monday evening.

•

Mrs. A. M. Cosby will give a luncheon in honor of Lady Stanley on Wednesday next.

•

Sir John and Lady Macdonald were in town for a couple of days this week. Lady Macdonald was accompanied by Mrs. Dawdney, and though she did not leave her private car, received a large number of her friends, who went down to the depot to call upon her.

•

There will be a concert given in the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms on February 13. Mrs. Garritt and Mr. Francis Powers of New York will sing. Society will be well represented, and I heard rumors of an informal dance at the close.

•

Miss Michie of Wellington place gave a luncheon party on Friday.

•

Mrs. Edward Blake welcomed a few musical friends on Friday.

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Mrs. Betts of London is the guest of Mrs. Edward Blake.

•

Mrs. J. K. Kerr will entertain guests at dinner on Tuesday next.

•

Mrs. Brough of St. George street gave a dance last night.

•

The Misses D'Arcy Boulton of Spadina avenue welcomed friends to afternoon tea on Tuesday.

•

Mrs. Edgar of Bloor street entertained friends at a musicale and dance on Thursday of last week. There were present the Misses Boulton, the Misses Hunter Dixon, the Misses Wilkie, Miss Small, the Misses Bethune, the Misses Yarker, the Misses Seymour, Miss Meredith, the Misses Cartwright, Miss Bunting, Miss Kingsmill, Messrs. Wyld, Bunting, Young, Ridout, Thompson, Boulton, Badgerow and Evans.

•

Mrs. William Mortimer Clarke of Wellington Place gave a brilliant At Home on Thursday evening last, music being the principal feature of the evening. Mrs. Clarke was assisted in receiving her guests by her two daughters. Mrs. Clarke wore black satin and light brocade. Miss Clarke, pale pink; Miss B. Clarke, white tulle and roses; Mrs. Cockburn, white brocade and diamonds; Mrs. Riordan, white brocade; Mrs. J. Scott, white lace and silk; Miss Alexander, black and red; Miss Boulton, black lace; Miss Helen Boulton, white tulle; Mrs. Ridout, seal brown velvet and gold embroidery; Miss Cawthra, waite, with pink roses; Miss Bessie Macdonald, white tulle with ruche of lily-of-the-valley; Miss Parsons, white tulle; Miss Emma Parsons, black lace; Miss Beaumont, black lace over white and diamond star in the hair; Miss Beatty, train and bodice of terra cotta faille with petticoat of embroidered cream lace and pearl ornaments; Miss Thorburn, dark green tulle and satin; Mrs. Heron, black lace and pink roses; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, slate grey silk and rubies.

•

Mrs. H. K. Merritt Simcoe street gave another of her very enjoyable five o'clock teas to a few friends on Wednesday afternoon. A marked feature I hear was the large number of gentlemen present.

•

Mrs. Irving Cameron gave five o'clock tea to a number of friends on Thursday last.

•

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of Wellington Place welcomed a large number of guests to an At Home on Friday of last week. Her pretty rooms were gay with flowers and all present were most charmingly entertained by Mrs. Donald and her daughter. The hostess wore a black gown and Miss Macdonald's toilette was of cream henrietta with pink trimmings. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mrs. E. O. and Miss Bickford, Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Mr. George Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Miss Michie, Mr. G. Michie, Mr. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Miss Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat and Mrs. Cosby.

•

Mrs. Scott of Carlton street welcomed friends to afternoon tea on Saturday of last week.

•

Mrs. Snelling of Murray street welcomed a large number of friends to afternoon tea last Thursday at her pretty and artistic home, the Bungalow. Amongst the number I noticed were the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. Arthur Sweatman, Miss Parsons, Miss Covernton, Mrs. James Crowther, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Judge Finkle, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mrs. MacDougall, Miss Small, Mr. A. Hoskins, Miss Hugel, Miss Vankoughnet and others.

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The Misses Douglas of Spadina avenue gave afternoon tea to a little company of friends on Thursday.

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Mrs. Marsh of Avenue road gives an At Home this afternoon.

•

Miss Kate Turner of Hamilton is the guest of the Misses Douglas of Spadina avenue.

•

Mrs. Cosby of College street entertained a number of friends at dinner on Tuesday. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Miss Stewart of Port Hope, and Mr. Amory of Boston.

•

Mrs. Beardmore gave a dinner party on Monday. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Pitman of Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Hodgkinson, Mr. Langton, and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore.

•

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper will leave Eng land shortly to pay a visit to their daughter Mrs. Cameron, wife of Major-General Cameron of the Royal Military College at Kingston.

•

The officers and members of the Alert Club will welcome their friends to an At Home in the Academy on February 5.

•

Zetland's At Home, on Friday night last, was attended by a large and brilliant assemblage of enthusiastic dancers. The mysticism of the ties which bind Masons together is perhaps responsible for our astonishment at finding them so well acquainted one with the other, and such excellent friends. This feeling of friendliness pervades even the largest of their social gatherings, and is an important factor in the sum total of happiness. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cordingly, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Haskett, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford of Brampton, Miss Montgomery of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Leister, Miss Edith Dunn, Miss Birdie Dunn, Miss A. Smith of London, Mr. J. Jacques, Mr. A. Shaw, Mr. W. Bethune of Owen Sound, Mr. E. B. Myers, Miss Creasor of Owen Sound, Miss MacWhirter of Owen Sound, Miss Keating of Ingersoll, Mr. W. M. Grant, Mr. Thomas Baker of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rogers of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Wilbur of Brooklyn, Mr. J. King, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. James Mathews, Dr. and Mrs. Brittain, Capt. and Mrs. Furnival, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carrick, Dr. and Mrs. Praber, Dr. Thistle, Miss Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dennis, Miss Chard of Falmouth, Eng., Mr. M. A. Mackenzie, Miss Jacobi, Dr. and Miss Capon, Mr. R. C. Donald, Mr. and Mrs. James Lumbers, Miss Lumbers, Mr. J. Morphy, Miss Morphy, Miss Breen, Mr. Wallace Finch, Miss Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, Miss Foster, Miss Smith of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gregg, Mr. W. A. Doyle of Montreal, Miss Foy, Mr. E. A. Badenach, Mr. E. and Miss Burns, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Spotten, Mr. and Mrs. A. Parker, Miss Parker, Miss McKay, Miss Fannie Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. John Earls, Mr. F. B. and Miss Poison, Dr. F. Cane, Mr. and Mrs. Dyas, Mr. S. E. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flett, Mr. Alfred Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Kappele, Miss McCall, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scales, the Misses Scales, Mr. E. and Miss Littlejohn, Miss Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McIlroy, Miss Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose, Miss Bugg, Miss Susie McLellan of Brampton, Dr. and Mrs. Snellgrove, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cosgrove, Mr. W. and Miss Jones, Mr. W. J. and Miss Darby, Mr. W. C. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brush, Miss Ida Powell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Shepley, Mr. F. Climo, Miss F. Stinson, Mr. C. and Miss Morrison, Mrs. Gledden of New York, Mr. and Mrs. George Tory, Mr. and Mrs. H. Haslam, Miss Spotten, Miss Hatch of Welby, Miss McLeod of Woodstock, Miss Hope of Bowmanville, Miss Wilcock of Guelph, Miss A. Mullen of Brampton, Miss Claxton, Miss Ashborne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lownes, Miss Lownes, Miss M. Kendall, Mr. G. J. Bennett.

•

Mrs. Lindsay of Beverley street gave a delightfully arranged afternoon tea on Tuesday.

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The little Misses Nevitt, daughters of Dr. Nevitt of Jarvis street, entertained a number of friends on Friday, January 16. Between seventy and eighty little ones enjoyed the well-planned hospitality and entered with joyous enthusiasm into the games and other amusements provided.

•

Miss Maude Allan of Alexander street, entertained a number of guests on Wednesday of last week.

•

Mrs. F. D. Canfield of Ingersoll is the guest of her brother, Mr. Noxon at 171 John street.

•

Miss Mary Reid of Pembroke street gave a most enjoyable At Home to her many young friends on Friday evening, January 23.

•

One of the pleasantest concerts which I have attended for some time was the one given by

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Looking Down on a Snow Storm from Mount Washington.

If there was no other diversion on Mount Washington, watching the intermittent extinction of a generation of rain clouds affords sufficient interest to occupy much of the time. There are "best days" for this, however, as well as for the other sights. The summit of the mountain must be clear and the sun should shine brightly. Then, if a snow-storm forms, say a mile below, one of the most enchanting of all natural conversations delights the observer. The unsubstantial formations rival in grandeur the solid mountains themselves. Disturbed by the warm air below them, and chilled by the cold blasts above, the great seas of vapor begin to roll and tumble and pitch, until a regular tempest forms and sways them all. The billows form great swells and depressions. They break angrily against the rocky mountain, and their snowy spray flies high in the air. Rising and falling, twisting and tangling, they tell of the falling flakes and grinding snow dust with which the earth is being visited. The more the commotion, the more active is the fall going on below. How they toss and tumble, and how magnificent are the changes of light and shade!

I witnessed the finest show I ever saw of this nature, one afternoon, about half an hour before sunset. The great orb seemed to sink into a sea of saffron, yet it shone with almost painful brilliancy. Suddenly, upon the cloud surface in front of my standpoint, a mile below my feet, a great mass of shining light appeared. It was as brilliant as the sun, and of about the same color. It was a "sun-dog"—the image of the sun reflected on the white bosom of the snow-storm. It remained in sight for some time and was caught by the camera. The snow-storm continued, and the sun departed until an advance of clouds equal in glory to any summer sunset I ever saw. The coloring upon the upper surface of that raging snow-storm was beyond the power of the painter to confer.—*From Mount Washington in Winter, by Edward L. Wilson, in February Scribner.*

A Cool Location.

Parlor Car Passenger—Porter, this car is very draughty. I feel chilly.

Porter—Can't help it, sir. There's a party of the New York's Four Hundred in one end and a lot of Philadelphia swells in the other, and you're sittin' right between 'em.

A Pious Fraud.

Chandler—You are wrong. I can't think Harris is a fraud. I have seen him weep when he passed a beggar.

Fuller—Humph! That was to adulterate what milk of human kindness he had in him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Boudoir Gossip.

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."
—*Hamlet.*

BY all means let us still smile. Not all who smile are villains. Most of us, I know, think we know real smiles; but then the imitations are oftentimes very good ones. The smile which comes straight from the good-nature apartment of the heart, and curves the mouth into pleasant looking lines, is likely to be found upon the face of an honest soul. In real smiles, it is not the mouth alone that is altered in expression. The nostril widens with merriment, the eye dances, and very often the cheeks are joyous in their dimpled beauty. No mere parting of mechanically-moved lips should be dignified by the word smile.

During this past week, I have looked at the mouth of each face I have scanned, and the study of that feature was a most interesting one. My favorite field of observation—the restaurants—were practically of no use to me, because the eating apparatus was the one in very active operation, and feelings, thoughts, ambitions even were disturbed from the lines and corners where they had ensconced themselves when mouths were in repose.

There are two grand divisions of lips—those which show self-control, and those which betray indecision and lack of self-government. These can be divided and sub divided with regard to their other characteristics and the degree to which the nose, brows and eyes influence, correct or intensify their curves.

All can call to mind the emotionless lips of some one they have seen. They are almost straight, very thin, bloodless apparently, and when accompanied by small eyes and thin eyebrows exhibit coldness, shrewdness, reserve and an almost repellant nature. Such a mouth was the exclusive property of a man who sat opposite me in a poky accommodation train yesterday. He was sleepy and cross, and those firm, white, cruel-looking lips were used to manufacture one of the biggest yawns I ever saw.

The nicest mouth I have noticed this week belongs to a Toronto girl. I do not often see a woman whom I call beautiful. I believe I judge harshly, but that girl's face has stayed before my eyes for nearly a week. The mouth was not the least beautiful part, though eyes, cheeks and nose were objects of my intense admiration. Her lips were a healthy hue of crimson. The lines were firm. I should think that the proud spirit would brook no unnecessary interference, but a most artistic swell of the crimson told me of a warm heart and imaginative faculties. The up-turned corners spoke of merriment, and the firm under lip indicated self-control. There was no malice about that mouth—no petulance, no deceit. It was perfect in its womanliness, and beautiful because of the tenderness of heart and the fineness of mind.

People cannot be villains and smile real heart-whole smiles. They cannot be coarse in speech, wicked in heart and overshrewd in business, without confessing their faults to the observing world. The hirsute adornments of the masculine portion of the community are often splendid screens for tell-tale lips. If some of our friends were to appear before us minus their mustaches, we would not need to employ palmistry to tell them their dispositions.

•

However much we may love the sound of breaking waves, and the sight of the swaying restless surface of our lake, we generally avoid it in the winter. Not always, for some of us know its beauty in the height of a storm of driving northern rain. It seems most grand in its desolation, more boundless in its stretch of gray, unenlivened by sails, more human and less of a commercial convenience when the notes of its breaking waves are not lost amid discordant steam whistles, and when the monotonous music of the ebb does not become mingled with the regular beat of steamers.

On Saturday I watched the Humber Bay at sunset, when the great red ball broke away from its cloud-captors and flung its rose-tinted light upon the tossing water. Perhaps it was the sun-light, which the day had denied us, or it may have been the splendor of the crimson or the rocking waves, or the dazzling glint of the ice-fettered spray, or memories of summer's pleasures, but that burst of sunshine stilled two chattering tongues, and two girls looked from a car window with delighted, yet dreamy eyes, until a lurch twisted the train around a curve and the reddened water passed out of their vision's range.

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Women should not have opinions—men say. But of course they know we will and we keep right along having them just as we intended to. We have all stood by and heard the lords of creation discuss capital punishment, and we have either vindictively exclaimed: "Of course murderers should hang," or shudderingly whispered "It is dreadful to take life and send the immortal part of a wicked man or woman into eternity." I have listened to sermons, read able editorials, heard thinking people express carefully considered opinions, and given ear to the foundationless argument of the proverbial "fool" who rushes upon ground where even the angels are careful which way their footprints point.

Yesterday, as I stepped into an omnibus in a little village seventy miles away, the driver told a gentleman standing near of that brutality in Ancaster. It was the theme of conversation during a part of the drive to the station, and on arriving in Hamilton, people discussed it in excited voices. I read the headlines of the somewhat sensational account in a Hamilton paper, glanced over the shocking details and noted the degree of interest it possessed for those about.

I thought of the little village with its sleepy stores and its rambling hotel, of the stage which traverses the mountain road, and of the old gray-haired man murdered in his own quiet home, struck down while defending his rights and his dear ones. The aged widow, the fatherless girl, came before my eyes, and I found myself yearning for news of the murderer's capture. Life is a blessed privilege. We do not justly value it until we have at least once faced death. We mourn the loss of loved ones. We pity those whose own misdeeds have cost them their lives. We hold human life as sacred—a thing upon which violent hands should not be laid. Yet the law is often compelled to smother out a wicked life, in that the heart plans wickedness, which is a mightier evil than any good which the perpetrator could be expected to achieve. It is as if the law measured a man's action and weighed the good in him. If the calculation shows that the misdeeds are in the ascendancy, the value of the man's life is decreased. He is levelled almost to the brute creation. The sacredness which hedges a noble life is wanting. The bestial nature stands forth. We shudder, yet feel far less sorrow at a felon's death than at that of the good man whose life he took.

We live upon the earth and enjoy all the privileges we can wrest from the age into which we were born. So long as we do not seriously interfere with others, we follow our own bent. Our lives are valued by the state. They are an item in the population, their voice and influence is a power. But when we grow dangerously wicked and menace other lives, we lessen our value, forfeit our right to protection and pay the penalty. It is right. Wickedness deserves punishment. We are not yet of such angelic temperaments that we can forgive all things. And when one life—even with all its sacredness, is marred by the machinations of a depraved heart, justice demands that it should be taken. It is dangerous and without value.

•

Dear Maiden in Brown.—Your kind letter was duly received. I will make quotations from it, and answer it in next week's issue, for, by mistake, it was left away up town with the teapot and the pussies.

•

There was a sleepy, tired crowd on a train the other night. We were all longing for Toronto, and the very accommodating train was stopping at all the flag stations and crossings on the line. A tired-out man was sleeping heavily and began to interfere with the rest, meditation and nerves of the other passengers by the introduction of a most unmusical snore. A commercial traveler, who was taking forty winks, was aroused, and as he sat up, he bent a look of most thorough contempt upon the unconscious sleeper. He went right on. People turned around to satisfy themselves that it was a human being who was responsible. The brakeman grinned, and one rough lad said to another: "Ain't he goin' it?"

Just across from this musical individual, a young girl sat. She had a violin case on the seat in front, and she looked at it dreamily, then with the animation of a bright thought. One swift glance she gave to the snorer, then swept a questioning eye about the car, scanning the faces of her fellow-sufferers. A moment later a lively bit of music drowned the sleeper's sonata, and eighths and sixteenths tripped, dropped and glided from the violin bow until the whole atmosphere was a-quiver with delightful sounds. The man was not visibly awakened, but his snoring apparatus was silent through shame, and the passengers blessed the girl with the violin.

CLIP CAREW.

The Ideal Reporter.

To be a good reporter, writes Col. Eugene Field in the *Chicago News*, these qualifications are necessary: Health, the news instinct, a sense of humor, the ability to write a simple style in a legible hand, eternal vigilance, temperance, amiability, patience, determination and ambition. Then, furthermore, it behooves the reporter to be a constant student and reader, informing himself fully upon every variety of subject that interests mankind. For the profession of newspaper reporting we have the highest regard, and we find pleasure in this opportunity of saying that from the companionship of newspaper reporters we have derived incalculable profit, for of all classes and conditions of men (excepting, perhaps, the printer), the newspaper reporter seems to abound most liberally in wit, humor, invention, generosity, good nature, patience, pluck, fortitude, and those other qualities and accomplishments which do so much toward brightening and bettering human life.

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The Theater and Opera season together with the various Masonic At Homes and the Yacht Club ball about to take place, a few suggestions in reference to dress would not be out of place. As to dress as dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn, but for such a time and place as Zetland At Home, which was held last evening, the full evening dress is the proper thing. Having received a large number of orders for it as well as for the Yacht Club ball, I would call your attention to the very fine line of dre-s suitings and fancy evening dress vestings, which I have just received, and would ask your inspection, Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rosalin House Block.

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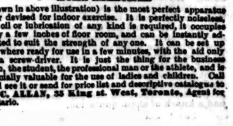

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

LIFE UPON NEW LINES.

The season of nightingales was past, but there were plenty of roses still, and it was pleasant to sit on the lawn and hear the plash of the tide, and see the stars come slowly out, large and red in the smoke-stained atmosphere, above the tufted elms of Hurlingham. Roger Larose talked his best in that dim light, and Gerard, who had been silent and moody at the little dinner in Hertford street yesterday, was to night as joyous as the thrushes that were singing their evening hymn in the cool dusk of deserted shrubberies. And all the difference—the difference between despair and gladness, between gloom and mirth, between eager delight in life and utter weariness of spirit, had been brought about by the most sordid factor in the sum of man's existence—filthy lucre.

No matter the cause when the effect was so enchanting. Gerard's elation communicated itself to his companions. More champagne was consumed at that little table in the garden than at any other party of four in the club, and yet the house was crowded with diners, and there were other groups scattered here and there, banqueting under the roof of heaven. Lightest talk and gladdest laughter beguiled the hours till nearly midnight, when Mrs. Gresham remembered an early service at a fashionable temple in Holborn, and entreated to be taken home at once, so that she might secure certain hours of pious seclusion before dawn.

Gerard had requested that no word of his altered fortunes should be spoken before Roger Larose. He and the rest of the world would hear all about his good luck in due course; but he shrank from the idea of endless congratulations, very few of them cordial and disinterested. Time enough when the inexorable *Illustrated London News* had acquainted society with the particulars of Ebenezer Milford's will.

The two women had behaved with discretion, and although Larose wondered a little at the superb indifference with which Hillersdon paid for the dinner, and left the change of a ten pound note to the waiter, knowing that of late his friend had suffered from youth's common malady of impecuniousness, he ascribed this freedom only to some windfall which afforded temporary relief.

On their way to the carriage Mrs. Gresham contrived to get Hillersdon all to herself, while Larose and Mrs. Champion walked in advance of them.

"Dear Mr. Hillersdon, a fortune such as yours is a vast responsibility for a Christian," she began solemnly.

"I haven't looked at it in that light, Mrs. Gresham, but I own that it will take a good deal of spending."

"It will, and the grand thing will be to secure good results for your outlay. There is one good thing I should like to introduce to your notice before you are beset by appeals from strangers. The chief duties of my husband's heart, and I may say also of mine, is to enlarge our parish church, now altogether inadequate and inadequate to the wants of the increased congregation which his eloquence and strength of character have attracted. In the late incumbent's time the church used to be half empty, and mice ran about in the gallery. We want to build a transept which would absorb the existing chancel, and to add a new and finer chancel. It will cost a number of several thousands, but we have many promises of help if any benefactor would give a large donation—say a thousand pounds—to start the fund in a really substantial manner."

"My dear Mrs. Gresham, you forget that I am a parson's son. Dog doesn't eat dog, you know. I have no doubt your father's church needs enlargement. I know it has a pervading mouldiness which calls for restoration. I must think of this before I start your fund."

"If you have not yet learnt how to spend your fortune you at least know how to take your pleasure, Mr. Hillersdon," Mrs. Gresham said, with some asperity, and then recovering herself she continued airily, "It was rather too bad of me perhaps to plague you so soon, but to the cause of the church does it not must be importunate in season and out of season."

They went through the house and waited in the vestibule while the carriage was brought to the door, and they all went back to town together in the barouche, and wound up with an after-supper cup of tea in Mrs. Champion's delightful drawing-room, a labyrinth of luxurious chairs, and palms, and Indian screens, and many-shaped tables, loaded with bric-a-brac of the costliest kind, glimmering faintly in the tempered light of amber-shaded lamps.

"I like the French custom of midnight tea," said Larose. "It stretches the thread of life and shortens the night of the brain."

Mrs. Gresham slipped away with ostentatious stealthiness after a hasty cup of tea; but the others sat late, beguiled by the coolness and repose of the atmosphere, they three alone in the spacious room, with its perfumes of tea-roses and shadow of dark fan-shaped leaves. Edith Champion was not a person of many accomplishments. She neither played nor sang, she neither painted pictures nor wrote verses, preferring that such things should be done for her by those who made it the business of their lives to do them well. But she was a past-mistress of the decorative art, and there were few women in London or Paris who could approach her in the arrangement of a drawing-room.

"My drawing room is part of myself," she said; "it reflects every shade of my character, and changes as I change."

It was past one o'clock when Hillersdon and Larose left Hertford street. Piccadilly and the Park looked almost romantic in the moonlight. Tout cap of strong Indian tea had worked the usual effect of such potions, and he h men were disinclined to go home to the uninviting seclusion of a lodging-house bedroom.

"Shall we go to the Petunia?" asked Larose, suggesting one of those after-midnight clubs where the society is decidedly mixed, and the champagne fifty per cent. dearer than at the Caelum or the Reform.

"I detest the Petunia."

"The Small Hours, then! They are giving really good music now, and we can get devilled bones or a lobster to our supper."

"Thanks, no; I have had enough of society—even yours, which is always delightful. I am going for a long walk."

"That is a safe way of getting rid of me," answered Larose. "I never walk a furlong further than I am absolutely obliged. Hansom."

His lodgings were in George street, Hanover square, hardly a profitable address for a poet. It was not in Larose's temperament to consider shillings, until he had spent his last. There were intervals when it was without even the indispensable shilling for a hansom.

"And a good thing, too," said one of his friends, on hearing that hansoms were impossible, "for then you are obliged to walk."

"Obliged," cried Larose. "Marry! what should oblige me to do anything I don't like doing. No lesser person than the blind fury with the abhorred shears." When I can't afford cabs I take to my bed, lie abed all day reading novels, and get up at dusk and make a ground plan or sketch a facade, in my dressing gown while the housemaid arranges my room. In these intervals I live upon biscuits and soda water, like Byron, and I emerge from my retirement a renovated and rejuvenated man. Thus do I make necessity my nurse, and profit by propinquity," concluded the poet-architect, who had a knack of sham quotation.

Hillersdon was glad to see the cab go swinging round into Bond street with his vivacious friend. He wanted to be alone. He had taken a curious fancy into his head, which was to renew his search for the curious old inn where he had supped last night. He fancied that he might be able to hit upon the place if he approached it under the same conditions of darkness and the comparative solitude of night. He had failed utterly to find the old gateway in the glare of day; yet the fabric must exist somewhere within narrow limits. The whole thing—the house to which he was taken—the room in which he sat—the wine he drank—could not be a vision of night. It was that the face of the girl was a hallucination put upon him by a clever mesmerist, other things must have been real. He could not have wandered in the streets of London for three or four hours in a mesmeric trance, full of vain imaginings. No, his memory of every detail, of every word they two had spoken, was too distinct to be only the memory of a dream.

He walked to Bow street, and from Bow street went in the direction in which he had gone on the night before with Justin Jermyn. After he left Lincoln's Inn Fields he tried to abstract his mind and to walk without thought of the way he was going, hoping that instinct might direct his steps in the way they had gone last night, the same instinct by which a horse who has traveled a road only once will make every turn accurately upon a second journey.

Instinct gave him no help. He wandered up and down Holborn, he explored the side streets that lie right and left of Gray's Inn lane, he threaded narrow courts and emerged into Hatton Garden, he went back to the lane and hugged the dingy wall of Verulam Buildings, but no where did he see gate-house or archway that bore the faintest resemblance to the gate-house beneath which he passed last night. He began to think that he had been verily upon enchanted ground, and that the champagne he had drunk with Justin Jermyn was akin to that juice of the grape which Mephistopheles drew from an augur hole in a wooden table. There was devilitry in it somewhere or somehow.

He went back to his lodgings mystified and dispirited. He forgot that he was a millionaire, and over the scene of life there crept once again that dreary neutral hue which it had worn when he contemplated making a sudden irrevocable exit from the stage. It was nearly o'clock before he got to Church court, half past three before he flung himself wearily upon his jingling brass bed.

"I must move into better rooms on Monday," he said to himself, "and I must think about getting a house of my own. What is the use of wealth if one does not enjoy it?"

There was very little enjoyment in him this summer morning, when the clear bright light stole into his room, and accentuated the shabbiness of the well worn furniture, the hideous Philistinism of the mahogany wardrobe, with its Corinthian columns and its tarnished gilding, glass in which he had critically survey ed his dress suit the other evening wondering how long it would hold out against the want of confidence amongst the west end tailors. He could have as many dress suits as he liked now, and could pay as much as the most egregious tailor could demand. He could live where he liked, start his house and his stable on a footing worthy of Nero or Domitian. He could be a man of mark in a month and the world would call it good, would wink at his delinquencies and flatter his follies. All that the world has of good lay in the hollow of his hand, for any thing that the world could offer for sale to the highest bidder? He reflected upon this wondrous change in his fortunes, and felt in this morning hour that nothing could silence the consciousness of illimitable wealth could not bring him happiness.

There had always been a vein of superstition in his nature, perhaps, or superstitious fears would scarcely have troubled him in the midst of his prosperity. His double attempt to find Jermyn's chambers on the night before had disconcerted him more than such a thing should have done. The adventure gave a suggestion of disaster to the day which followed the moment when Jermyn read his secret design in the library at Fridoline House.

He could not sleep, so he took down the Peau de Chagrin from the bookcase which held his limited library, composed of only that which he held choicest in literature. One could have read the best of his mind by looking at the titles of those thirty or forty books. Goethe's Faust, Heine's poetry and prose, Alfred de Musset, Owen Meredith, Theophile Gautier, Baudelaire, Richepin—the literature of despair.

He read how when the lawyer brought Raphael the news of his fortune, his first thought was to take the Peau de Chagrin from his pocket and measure it against the tracing he had made upon a table-napkin the night before.

The skin had shrunk perceptibly. So much had gone from his life in the emotions of a night of riot and feasting, in the shock of a sudden change in his fortunes.

"An allegory," mused Hillersdon. "My life has been spent in a riotous night from first to last. I have been living faster—two heart-throbs for one."

He lounged about early after two or three hours of broken sleep, and dawdled over his breakfast, taking up one volume after another with a painful inability to fix his mind upon any subject, until the fashionable church bells began their clangor close at hand, and made all thought impossible.

Then only did he remember that it was Sunday morning. He changed his coat hurriedly, brushed his hat, and set out for that particularly modern and fashionable temple in which Edith Champion was wont to hear the eloquent sermons of a "delicate, dilettante, white-handed priest," in an atmosphere heavy with white roses and the incense, and the warm breath of closely packed humanity.

The choir was chanting the Te Deum when he went in, and secured one of the last rush-bottomed chairs available in the crowded nave. His night wanderings had fatigued him more than he knew, and he slept profoundly through one of the choicest discourses of the season, and was not a little embarrassed when Mrs. Champion and Mrs. Gresham insisted upon discussing every point the preacher had made. Happily, both ladies were too eager to state their own opinions to discover his ignorance, or to guess that for him that thrilling sermon had been as the booming of a bumble bee in the heart of an over-blown rose—a sound of soothing and pleasantness.

"He goes to the Riviera every winter," said Mrs. Champion, slipping from the sermon to the preacher; "he is more popular there than in London. There is hardly standing room in any church where he preaches."

Hillersdon walked in the Park with the two ladies, the customary church parade which always bored him, even in Edith Champion's company, and even although his pride was stimulated by the admiring attendance upon one of the handsomest women in London.

The park looked lovely in the summer noontide, the people were smart, well dressed, and suitable but the park and the people were the same as last year, and they would be the same next year—the same and always the same.

"It is the constant revolution stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That pulls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down."

He dined with Mrs. Champion, and went to a musical party with her, and that Sunday seemed to him one of the longest he had ever spent, longer even than the Sabbath days of his boyhood, when he was allowed to read only good books, and forbidden all transactions with rat-catchers and ferrets.

He was glad when he had handed Mrs. Champion to her carriage in Grosvenor place, glad to go back to his bachelor loneliness, and impatient of Monday morning. He was up betimes, and hurried off to Lincoln's Inn Fields as soon as it was reasonable to expect Mr. Crafton at his office. He wanted again to assure himself that Ebenezer Milford's fortune was a reality, and not a dream.

The solicitor received him with unimpaired graciousness, and was ready with offers of assistance in any plans of his client. All that had to be done about the inheritance was in progress, but as all processes of law are lengthy it would be some little time before Mr. Hillersdon would be in actual possession of his wealth.

"The succession duties will be very heavy," said Crafton, shaking his head, and Hillersdon felt that in this respect his was a hard case.

"Have you communicated with your friend, Mr. Watson?" the lawyer asked presently.

"No, I forgot to do that."

"It would be as well that you should look him up at once, and test his memory of the occurrence in the railway station," suggested Crafton. "His evidence would be very useful in the—most unlikely—contingency of any attempt to upset the will."

This remark had the effect of a douche of cold water upon Hillersdon.

"You don't apprehend?" he faltered.

"No, I have not the slightest apprehension. Poor old Milford was an isolated being. If he had any relations I never heard of them. But, as a precautionary measure, I advise you to see your friend."

"Yes, yes, I will go to him at once," said Hillersdon feverishly, getting up and making for the door.

"There is no need for hurry. Is there nothing that I can do for you?"

"Nothing. I have been thinking of changing my lodgings—but that can stand over for a few days. I must see Watson—and then I must go down to the country to see my own people. It wouldn't do for them to hear of my good luck from anyone else. I may tell them, I suppose? I am not likely to find myself thrust out of this inheritance after a few weeks' possession; I am not going to be a kind of Lady Jane Grey among legatees?"

"No, no; there is really no danger. The will is a splendid will. It would be very difficult for any one to attack it, even the nearest blood relation. I have no relations."

"Give me your cheque for another five hundred, by way of backing your opinion," said Hillersdon, still feverishly, and with a shade of fretfulness.

He was irritated by the mere suggestion that a will is an instrument that may be impeached.

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Crafton, ready with his cheque book; "shall I make it a thousand?"

"No, no, a monkey will do. I really don't want the money, only I like to see you part with it freely. Thanks, good day."

His hansom was waiting for him. He told the man to drive to the Albany, where he might utilize his call upon Watson by making limitless use of his bachelor rooms.

It was early in the day yet, and Watson was lingering over his breakfast, which had been longdrawn out by his admiration of the modern morning papers. He had not seen Hillersdon for some time, and welcomed him with frank cordiality.

"What brings you here, doing with yourself all this time?" he asked, and then answering his own question, as he rang for fresh coffee, "morning in Mrs. Chaworth's drawing room, no doubt, and as her orbit ain't mine we don't often meet, and now we do meet I can't compliment you on your appearance. You are looking uncommonly seedy."

"I have been sleeping badly for the last few nights, that's my only ailment. Do you remember that evening at Nice when I gave you to the station with me after the battle of flowers."

"And when you picked a churlish old fellow from the front of an advancing engine, and to all intents and purposes saved his life. Of course I remember. A curious thing, that. I believe he means to leave you a legacy of some kind. Nineteen pounds nineteen, perhaps, to buy a mourning ring. He was monumentally particular in his inquiries as to your name and parentage, and usual place of abode. He walked half the length of the avenue de la Gare with me, and he was very much troubled in mind about his umbrella."

"Did he tell you his own name?"

"He gave me his card at parting, but I lost the card, and forgot the name."

"And you really believe that I saved his life?"

"I don't think there's the slightest doubt about it. The thing was as near as a toucher. I expected to see you killed in a vain attempt to save him."

"And you would put as much as that in an affidavit, or say as much in the witness box?"

"In a dozen affidavits, or in a dozen witness boxes. Why these questions?"

Hillersdon told him the motive, and the fortune that was at stake.

"Then the legacy comes to two millions," cried Watson. "By Jupiter, you have luck for low, and upon my honor you deserve it. You hazarded your life, and what can any man do more than that, and for an unknown traveler. The good Samaritan goes down to posterity on the strength of some kindly feeling, and twopence. You did a great deal more than the Samaritan, but the reward is stupendous! Why cannot I pluck a shabby Croesus out of the iron way, or rescue a millionaire from drowning? Why should this one lucky chance come your way and not mine? You were only ten paces in advance of me when the crucial moment came. Well, I won't grumble at your good fortune. After all the accession of one's bosom friend to millions makes oneself no poorer—yet there is always a feeling of being reduced to poverty when a friend tumbles into unexpected wealth. It will take me months to reconcile myself to the idea of you as a millionaire. And now what are you going to do with your life?"

"Enjoy it if I can, having the means of enjoyment given me."

"All that money can do you can do," said Watson, with a philosophic air. "You will now have the opportunity of testing the power of wealth, its limitations, its strictly finite nature."

"I will not mean if I find there are some things gold cannot buy," said Hillersdon.

"There are so many things which it can buy which I have been wanting all my life."

"Well, you are a lucky fellow, and you deserve your luck, because you did a plucky thing without thought or fear of consequences. If you had paused to consider your own peril that old man would have been left for."

The servant came in with the coffee, a welcome interruption to Hillersdon, who was tired of being complimented on his luck. He had breakfast had been only a cup of tea, and he was not sorry to begin again with Watson, who prided himself upon being well versed in a connoisseur of perigord pies and York hams, and took infinite pains to get the freshest eggs and best butter that London could supply.

"Well, you are going to enjoy your life; that is understood. Imprimis, I suppose you will marry?" said Watson, cheerily.

"I told you, I mean to enjoy my life," answered Hillersdon. "The first element of happiness is liberty; and you suggest that I should start by surrendering it to a wife?"

"Oh, that's all bosh. A man with a big income does not lose his freedom by taking a wife. In a millionaire's household a wife is only an ornament. She has neither control nor ascendancy over his existence. You remember what Beckford said of the Venetian nobility at the close of the eighteenth century. Every great man in that enchanting city had his secret haven—a niche in the labyrinth of little streets, or in some shadowy bend of a canal, where, known only to himself and his intimates, where he might live his own life, while his ostensible existence as Grand Seignour was conducted with regal pomp and publicity in his palace on the Grand Canal. Do you suppose that the Venetian nobleman of that era was governed by his wife? *Pas si bete.*"

"I shall never marry till I can marry the woman I love," answered Hillersdon.

Watson shrugged his shoulders significantly, and went on with his breakfast. He knew all about Mrs. Champion, and that romantic attachment which had been going on for years, and which seemed so hopeless and almost as unprofitable upon Gerard Hillersdon's side as Don Quixote's worship of Dulcinea del Toboso. Watson was strictly practical, could not enter into the mind of a man who sacrificed his life for a virtuous woman. He could understand the other thing—life and honor, fortune and good name, flung at the feet of Venus Pandemos. He had seen too much of the influence of base women and ignoble love to doubt the reality of evil over the souls of men. It was this namby-pamby devotion, this lap-dog love, the desire of the moth for the star, in which he could not believe.

Hillersdon left him in time to catch the Exeter express at Waterloo. He had made up his mind that he must no longer keep his own people in ignorance of the change in his fortunes. He had quitted the hard-worked father and the long-suffering mother too much trouble in the past, and now the hour of compensation must be hours to the tumble-downers, which was of all things beautiful—a long, low house, with bow windows bellying out unexpectedly; a house so smothered with banksia roses, myrtle, flowering ash, and wisteria, that it was not easy to discover whether its walls were brick or stone, rough-cast or cob.

It was a relief to Gerard Hillersdon to turn his back upon London, to feel that his face was set towards green pastures and summer woods, to see the white fleeces of rural sheep instead of the darklings of the park, and the frolics of young foals in the meadows instead of smart young women bucketting along the Row.

"God made the country and man made the town," he said to himself, quoting a poet whom his father loved and quoted often.

It was still early in the afternoon when he went in at the open gate of the rectory garden. The estuary of the Exe lay before him, with crisp wavelets dancing in the sun. His father's parish was midway between Exeter and Exmouth, a place of quietness and fertile meadows, gardens brimming over with flowers, thatched cottages smothered with roses and honeysuckle, beehives, poultry yards, and all rustic sights and sounds; a village in which the rector is a kind of king, exercising more influence than parliaments and potentates afar off. Two girls were playing tennis on the lawn to the right of the long low verandah that screened the drawing-room windows, two glancing figures in white gowns that caught the sunlight. One he knew for his sister Lilian; the other was a stranger.

Lilian faced the carriage drive by which he approached, recognized his figure, dropped her racquet with a joyful exclamation, and ran to meet him, heedless of her antagonist.

"I thought you were never coming near us again," she said, when they had kissed; "mother has been full of anxieties about you. It was time you came; yes, high time, for you are looking very pale and ill."

"Everyone seems bent upon telling me that," he said, with a vexed air.

"You have been ill, I believe, and you never let us know."

"I am as well as I ever was in my life, and I have not been ill. Two or three bad nights seem to have wrought havoc with my looks."

"It is the horrid life you lead in London—parties every day and night; no respite, no repose. I wish you could come home and stay you so seldom write to any of us. Miss Vere, who is staying with me, knows all about you."

"Then Miss Vere possesses all knowledge worth having—from my point of view. I dare say she knows more about me than I know of myself. You shall introduce me to her after I have seen my poor mother."

"You shall see mother without one moment's waste of time," said Lilian. "Poor mother, she has so pined for you. Mother," called Lilian, addressing her fresh young voice to the veranda, "Mother, come out and be startled and delighted in a breath."

Gerard and his sister were moving towards the house as she called. A tall matronly figure emerged from the veranda, and a cry of gladness welcomed the prodigal son. In the next minute he was clasped to his mother's heart.

"My dearest boy."

"My ever dear mother."

"I have been so anxious about you, Gerard,"

"Not without cause, dear mother. I am in very low spirits, altogether at odds with fortune a few days ago, and now I have had a stroke of luck. I have come to tell you good news."

"You have written another book," she cried delightfully.

"Better than that."

"Nothing would be better than that, to my mind."

"What would you say if a good old man, whom I only saw once in my life, had left me his fortune?"

"I should say it was like a fairy tale."

"It is like a fairy tale, but I believe it is reality. I believe, because a London solicitor has advanced me a thousand pounds with no better security than my expectancy. I have not sold my shadow, and I have not accepted the *Peau de chagrin*. I am substantially and realistically rich, and I can do anything in the world that money can do to make you and father and Lilian happy for the rest of your lives."

"You can give me a new racquet," said his sister. "It is a misery to play with this, and Barbara has the very latest improvement in rackets."

"My mother had a maid called Barbera," quoted Gerard, lightly. "Miss Vere is your Barbara, I suppose?"

He went into the drawing-room with his mother, while Lilian ran to apologize to Miss Vere for her sudden desertion. Mother and son sat side by side, hand clasped in hand, and Gerard told her the strange history of his altered fortunes. He told her of his debts and of his despair, his utter weariness of life; but he did not tell her that he had contemplated suicide; nor did he fling across her simple thoughts the cloudy mysticism which has become a frequent factor in modern life. He did not tell her of the scene in Jermyn's chambers, or of his vain endeavors to discover the whereabouts of those chambers; nor did he talk to her of Edith Champion, albeit she knew something of that romantic phase of his life.

She was enraptured at the thought of his good fortune, without one selfish consideration of the prosperity it would bring to her. In the midst of her rejoicing she began to talk to him about his beauty.

"You are not looking well, dearest," she said. "health is of far more importance than fortune."

This harping on an unpleasant strain irritated him. This was the third time within the day she had been told he looked ill.

"You women are all morbid," he said. "You poison your lives with unrealized apprehen-

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slons. If any one gave you the Koh-i-noor you would make yourself miserable by the suspicion that it was only a bit of glass. You would want to break it up in order to be sure of its value. Suppose I have a headache—suppose I have had two or three bad nights, and am looking haggard and pale, what is that against two millions?"

"Two millions! Oh, Gerard, is your fortune anything like that!" asked his mother in an awe-stricken voice.

"I am told that it is very much like that."

"It sounds like a dream. There is something awful in the idea of such wealth in the possession of one young man, and that Gerard, thinks of the thousands and spend tens of thousands who are almost starving."

"I suppose everybody will tell me that," exclaimed her son irritably. "Why should I think of the starving thousands? Why, just because I have the means of enjoying life, am I to make myself miserable by brooding upon the miseries of others? If it comes to that a man ought never to be happy while there is a single ill-used cab horse in the world, and think of all the horses in London and Paris that are underfed and over-driven, and have galled shoulders and cracked heels. There is madness in it. Think of the illtreated children, little children, the martyrs, whose lives are a burden. If we are to think of these things our choicest luxuries, our most exalted enjoyments must turn to gall and wormwood. For every pair of happy lovers there are women in degradation and despair, and the slightest touch is defilement. If we stop to consider how this world we live in—so full of exquisite beauty and eager joyous life—is just as full of want and misery and crime, the sharp anguish of physical pain, and the dull agony of patient, joyless lives, there can be no such thing as pleasure. We must not give way to pity, mother. Since we cannot heal all these gaping wounds—since there is no possible panacea for the sufferings of a universe, we must narrow our thoughts and hopes to the limits of home and family, and say 'Kismet, Allah is good.' But for you, dearest, for you and all whom you want to help, my wealth shall be potent as the four-leaved shamrock. You shall be my almoner. You shall find out which among all the never-ending schemes for helping the helpless are really good, and sound, and honest, and I will aid them with open hand."

"My dear son, I knew your heart was full of pity," murmured his mother tenderly.

"Oh, but I don't want to pity anyone. I want you, with your clear, calm mind, to think and act for me. Everything about you is so looking haggard and ill, now just when life is worth cherishing. I want to avoid overmuch agitation if I can. Let us think of happier things. How is the dear governor, or the rector as he prefers to be called?"

"He has not been very well of late. Last winter tried him severely.

"He must spend next winter at San Remo or Sorrento. It will be only for you both to choose your locality."

"And I may see Italy before I die," gasped the rector's wife, whose peregrinations hitherto had rarely gone beyond Boscastle on the one side and Bath on the other, with a fortnight in London once in two years.

"Yes, you shall see all that is fairest in this world," answered Gerard.

"Your father is spending the day in Exeter. What a delightful surprise to greet him with when he comes home to dinner. But you must not wait for eight o'clock, Gerard. You must have something after your journey. Shall I order a chop, or a grilled chicken?"

"No, dear mother, I am too happy in your company to want such substantial food. I think I saw cups and saucers in the garden, under our favorite tree!

"And then in all thy fair adith and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore."

"Oh, Gerard, it is a tulip tree. Your father would be dreadfully offended if you or it called it a sycamore. Yes, you shall have some tea, dearest." She rang the bell, and ordered tea, new laid eggs, hot cakes, for all had grown in the garden. "What happiness to be sitting there with you once again. It is ages since you have been with us, except for just that hurried visit last Christmas."

Gerard sighed as he acknowledged the force of this reproach. All his summers of late years had been spent in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, in Scotland, in Sweden, in Westmoreland, at Carlsbad, anywhere whither Mrs. Champion's caprices or Mr. Champion's "cure" led the lady and her satellite.

He had enjoyed no more independent existence than one of Jupiter's moons, but had been constrained to revolve in the orbit of his planet.

He went into the garden with his mother. Every shrub was a reproach, for all had grown with the growth of years since he had seen them in their summer glory. A flying visit at Christmas or New Year's tide had been as much as his goddess allowed, and now—although his chains were unbroken—he had a feeling that they were somehow lengthened, and that he was going to do as he liked henceforward.

The stout, comfortable-looking butler, whom he remembered a lad in buttons, brought tea, and toasted cakes, and poached eggs, and clouted cream, and other rustic luxuries; and the tennis players, who had taken one tea at four o'clock, were very glad to take another at six. Gerard was introduced to Miss Vere, otherwise Barbara—a girl with a handsome face and a commanding figure, but who looked as if she had recus, Gerard thought, and who at once began to talk of the houses at which they had met in London, which were all the smartest and most creditable houses, be it remarked. The young lady sank any lesser mansions where they might have encountered each other.

"I think you know Mrs. Champion," Miss Vere remarked, innocently. "She and my cousin, Mrs. Harper, are great chums."

"Mrs. Theodore Harper?"

"Yes, Mrs. Theodore."

"I know her well, a very pretty woman."

"Yes, she is by way of being a beauty," said Miss Vere, who was much handsomer, and no doubt was fully aware of her superiority; "but don't you think she's rather silly about that type of face—taking him everywhere?"

"Upon that point I consider her positively imbecile. A child in an Eton jacket should not be obtruded upon the society of reasonable men and women. I believe she only takes him about with her in order that people may exclaim, 'Your son, Mrs. Harper! Impossible! How could you have a son of twelve years old, when you can be at most two and-twenty!'"

"And then she smiles complacently at her marvellous bloom, and is perfectly happy for the rest of the afternoon, while the boy sits turning over illustrated books, and boring himself to death."

"Or sucking surreptitious lollipops, till some prosy old Etonian goes and sits beside him, and talks about the playing fields and the river," said Gerard.

Lilian and her mother sat smiling at this conversation, happily unconscious of its utter artificiality. Lilian, who was lily-fair and guileless as a child, looked up to Barbara Vere with eyes of admiring wonder. Her exquisite fitting gowns, her aplomb, and her knowledge of the side scenes of life, commanded the village maiden's respect. To talk to a girl who had the peerage and baronetage at her fingers' ends, knew to a shade every important person's political opinions, was familiar with all the society scandals and all the fashionable alliances, was a privilege for the rector's daughter. She wondered how the brilliant Barbara could endure the jog-trot domesticity of the rectory, and it had never occurred to her that Barbara Vere put in for repairs at this quiet little harbor after the wear and tear of her annual voyage on the high seas of London society.

"I feel so fresh and so happy when I am with you," said Barbara. "I leave my French maid and my powder-box in London, and steep myself in the atmosphere of Milton's 'Allegro'."

She might have added that in this clerical seclusion she did not trouble to make up her eyebrows, or to put on just that one artistic touch of rouge upon the cheek-bone, which in London drawing-rooms gave added lustre to her fine dark eyes. Here her life was spent for the most part in a garden, and she was wise enough to know how ghastly all artificial embellishments become under such conditions.

(To be Continued.)

How Me and Micky Doyle Seen London.

It was a beautiful evening, and as the story books say, "the sun was setting in the golden west," when me and Micky Doyle started off for Holyhead on board the Express boat from the North Wall.

We were goin' all the way to London. Some of "the boys" wanted us to travel by the third-class boat in the middle of the day but me and Micky had won two first-class tickets at a raffle at St. Bridget's Bazar, and we were doin' the gentleman, and nothin' would do us but the Express boat.

There was a power of passengers on board, "all sorts and conditions of men" as the savin' is, say, and women and children as well. And all looked as happy and contented as if they were after having tay with the Royal Family.

Well, as I said, it was a beautiful evening, but something tould me it wouldn't stop very long so and sure enough we hadn't been out at sayy more than half an hour when it began blow and the boat began to get very onsteady. A ground swell I heard them say it was, but bedad if the say is anything bigger nor that before I'm sure I don't know what I'm saytion. It reminded me of the story I heard about the chap from the country that was out in a storm one day and the captain was singing Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, and says he, "Captain, does Britannia rule them waves this?"

"She does," says the captain. "Throth and she might have ruled them straight," says he.

But to come back to my story. We were standing up beside one of the big chimleys in the heat, and you'd be surprised to hear how little we spoke to one another after the first half hour of our journey.

At last I began to feel a bit of a palpitation in my stomach, saving your presence, and I says to Micky, says I, "Maney give me a fill of that mild tobacco. I'm afraid this Goodbody's Twist is too strong for me on the water."

Throth and says Micky "here's at you, but I was thinking that myself! We could get a bit of shelter down below we'd be the better of the rest, for between the say and the tobacco there's an agitation going on in my inside."

"Musha, Micky, then," says I, "I think you're right." I didn't like to let on I was getting seasick, and down the two of us scrambled on to the lower deck and sat down. We meandered about in the dark till we came to a place like a horse stall, and as there was ne'er a horse in it there was plenty of accommodation, and as snug as you plaze. We each dropped quietly into a corner. Well of all the nights ever I put in since I was born that night bet them hollow—I thought I had every disease that ever a mortal man had. I felt as if I was turned inside out and the inside scraped and put back again. I thought at one time I was on my head, then on my heels.

Then I wished I was somebody else and after a little bit I was too weak to wish anything at all and there I lay like a log—half dreaming and half thinking whether there would be as much of me left as would be able to walk ashore when I got to Holyhead.

After a while—it seemed like a week—the boat began to go easier and I heard a thundering big whistle. "Och, murder," says I "we're going to be drownded," and I crawled out of my corner on my hands and knees to look for Micky. "Are you there Mike," says I! I always called him Mike in moments of serious. Nea. No answer. "Mike, my hearty," says I, a bit louder. "We're goin' down. If you're not able to spake, at least can you let me know where you are at any rate." Just then I heard a moan out from a pile of old ropes and rubbish and over I goes and there was my poor Mike trying to support his head on his hands and he looking the very picture of distress.

"Arrah, Micky," says I, "what ails you feel?" (was beginning to feel a good deal better myself by this time.)

"Feel!" says he. "I feel as if I was beyant feeling anything. The very inside is rattered out of me. I'm jist like the Widow Fitzsimon's cottage after the eviction—more room in my inside than furniture, and if I have much further to go, I'll be thin enough to take the chair at a temperance meeting by the time I get to my journey's end."

By this time the boat had got into the harbor at Holyhead, and the passengers were all rushing about on deck, getting ready to go ashore, and I was just beginning to think that poor Micky was so weak he'd be left behind, when up he jumps and shook himself free of the old ropes, and putting his hand on my shoulder, and with a long, solemn face on him that would hold a day's rain, and it the color of a diseased lemon, says:

"Paddy," says he, "give us a fill of the mild tobacco."

Well, begor that staggered me, for I didn't know a ratter but he was dead, till he spoke and says I: "Faith, it's a shame for you, Micky, to be joking and jesting, and you only just after been nearly shipwrecked on the ocean." He never said another word till we were seated in the train on our way to London, and to tell you the truth he was so busy with his tongue then that I was beginning to think he was seasick again, as I was rale prostrated for want of my rest.

Well, to make a long story short, we got to London all right, and I am just going to tell you what we saw in the few days we spent there.

There was an aunt of Joe Delany's of Scolmoggin, a Mrs. Murphy, that kep a little eating house in one of the small streets, and Joe told us to be sure and go to see her, and so we did, and she received us very kindly, and told us all the places we should go and see—St. Paul's, the Strand, the Houses of Parliament, the waxworks, and lots of other places. Now I may tell you that sorra such a place as London for people being in a hurry and getting lost to beat one another. I ever clapped my two eyes on—between policemen and busses and cabs squeezing and jostling one another it is much as your life is worth to get across one of the streets.

As soon as you get about three yards from the path a hoarse voice roars to you with a "Hoy up," and when you turn to go back you get nailed by a cab, and while you are striving to steady yourself and see which way to go, a policeman grips you by the arm and waltzes off with you and you know nothing more till you find yourself on the path again, but as bewildered and bothered that it takes you nearly five minutes to tell which side of the street you are on.

Well, the first place we went to was St. Paul's—the big cathedral—and we had made up our minds to let on we knew everything, because you know we didn't like to let people think we come on Ould Ireland and thinks we are all ignorant and that sort of thing, but faith when the G. O. M. straightens on the Home Rule question sand gives us the management of our own affairs we'll larn them better manners. However, we had to ax our way at any rate, and we spotted a decent looking policeman is straight as a rush, about a head and shoulders over any of the rest of them, and he only a gossoon.

So Micky bowls up to him. "Sergeant," says he, "are we far from St. Paul's?"

"Are yes long from France!" says he, with a kind of grin on him.

"Only left it this morning," says Micky, drawing himself up and thinking to take a rise out of the bobby. "How did you know where we came from?"

"By your accent," says he, and one word borrowed another till we found his name was Tim Sullivan, from the town of Mitchelstown, in the County of Cork, and policeman and all as he was our hearts warmed to him when we heard he was from the Old Country.

To be sure we made great friends with Tim Sullivan, and he put us straight on the road for St. Paul's and we found it without the least bother. St. Paul's is a fine cathedral no doubt, and we seen all through it and were just going to leave when Micky bethought of something Mrs. Murphy had told him and he goes up to one of the officials, a virgin I believe they call him, and says to him, "Have you a spakin' gallery in the concerns." With that he burst out laughing, "it's a whispering gallery," says he. "Well," says Micky, "spade a cross as an old maid with the toothache, "how can it whisper without speakin'?" Micky had him there you see. "Come along and I'll see," said he, and he brought us up a great winding stairs, and in a few minutes we were standin on the gallery. "Now," said he to me, "if you stand there and let your friend go over to the other side and whisper softly again the wall you'll hear what he says." So Micky went over, and I clapped my head again the wall and as true as I'm standin' here didn't Micky's whisper, "Come back to Erin," drop as neat as you plaze into my ear! Jug, jug! I wasn't a bit displeased to get out of the place, for throth I didn't feel comfortable. It's bad enough to have government reporters taking notes, but when bricks and mortar begins to the spyin' business it's time to be movin' on.

The next place we went to see was the wax works. We had heard a good deal about them, but it tuk a rise out of us entirely when we had to pay a shilling apiece to get in. Howsoever we paid our money and went in with the rest of the quality, for there was a big stream of people going in and out.

Just inside the door there was a big policeman and says I quite genteely: "I beg your pardon, sir! Is Mr. Parnell in this show?" Sorra hapworth he said, but rowled his eyes about as if he was striving to count the people at both sides of him at once. "Musha, bad cess to your impidence," says I, "and if it wasn't that I'm in a foreign country I'd very soon take the conceit out of you."

"Whisht, says Micky, "don't you see he's in wax." "Well, says I, "he mayn't be in wax with you, but I said nothing to vex him." Then it came to me that he was one of the show figures, and sure enough so he was, but so well got up that you would think he was the real genuine article.

He was a great deal anyway—the only thing I didn't like about him was he seemed bother up about the face, and he had no room for him and his leg went down into the centre of his foot for all the world like a clothes horse.

We went over an hour and a half and saw all the celebrated characters, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, the Prince of Wales and a whole heap of others.

We came out of the show we went to see the Strand and between ourselves I may say we got a mortal sell over the same Strand. Sure didn't we think it was on the seashore, and when we got into the very heart of a big street and busses flying up and down it every quarter of a minute, and theaters on both sides of it that would hold the half of a town of place actors, were told we were in the Strand. You could have knocked us both down with a straw. "Begor," says Micky, "I thought we'd be after having a fine feed of cockles by this time and instead of that here we are in the very middle of streets and houses, and faith they must have been hard up for a name when they called the like of this place the Strand!"

Well, we were quite bet up that night when we got home after our day's diversion, but the next morning we started off early because we had a lot of places to go to.

We had heard so much about the Underground Railway that we thought it a big trip on it, and down we went into one of the gloomiest stations—hurin' a police station—I ever set my foot in. We got tickets for Mansion House, because that seemed to be where all the trains were running, and it was all the same to us so long as we got safe to some place. Just after we got down and walked on to the train came hushing in, and in I jumped into a third-class smoking carriage, and was just lighting pin and over I goes and there was my boots in move and I heard a commotion on the platform and there was a porter with a hold of Micky to get him out of the way of the train. "Wait for him at the next station," says the porter, and away we flew before I had time to draw my breath. You see, Micky had stopped for half a minute to see if he could find a *man* and had no idea the train would shoot in and out of the station like a streak of sunshine, and when he turned round he saw his seat the train was in motion and he was gripped by a porter and not let stir. In a few minutes we got to the next station, and out I got on the platform to wait for Micky. I hadn't waited bayant five or six minutes when the train came buzzin' in with "Mansion House" on her very bonnet. "Begor," says I, getting ready to be in good time this twist; but when the train stopped the first-class carriages went one way, straight from me, and I hurrying on to the other end of the train, where I seen Micky's purty features framed in the door of one of the front carriages, and he beckoning and beckoning at me as hard as he could, when all of a suddint on went the train, and all I could do was to shout to Micky what the forrer said to myself: "Wait for me at the next station!"

I was more fortunate when the next train came up, as I was just opposite a third-class carriage; and when I arrived at the next station I had the door open and jumped into Micky's arms, on the platform, before she had rightly stopped.

"By the powers, Micky," says I, "I'm done with this kind of traveling. I don't see the fun of splitting ourselves into two excursion parties any more. Let's get out into the daylight and see where we are."

"Agreed," says Micky, and we didn't try any more of your Underground Railway the whole time we were in London.

We were a kind of disappointed with the Houses of Parliament. We thought they'd have been a great deal bigger and grander and there was no spakin' goin' on as the House had for the recess as they call it. We went next to see Cleopatra's needle—and you may be talkin', but sorra such a needle any one ever seen since the days of Phin McCoul! It's a regular stone monument and it all scrapes and scratches with ould age. When we got to the monument there was a Yankee standin' on it with a note book in his hand and a glass stuck in his eye, and Micky made bould to put a few questions to him for information like for you know Americans are usually very friendly stoot Ireland. "Axin' your honor's pardon," says he, "but who might this Cleopatra be?" "Well, sir," says I, "she might be the Queen of Sheba for aught I know," says he, writing away at his notes. "And, Micky, what did she do to the needle?" says Micky. "Oh, I'm darned if I know," says he, getting quite cross.

Well, I didn't have myself what he was after saying to Micky as I was striving to read the figaries on the other side of the monument, so says I, "Micky," says I, "what does the gentleman say is it?"

"He says," says Micky," that its a darnin' needle belonging to the Queen of Sheba." "Tundher and turf," says I, "what a regular finger's she must have had." At the same time I was pretty certain that the Yankee was after taking a rise out of Micky, although I didn't let on.

"And what does he say made the scratches on it?" says I.

"He says it's the birds," says Micky.

"Birds, the gallows," said I. "Sure no one ever seen birds eat stone like that."

"Throth I believe the ostrich will eat anything that comes in its way," says Micky. "There's whips of ostriches where that came from. Sure the Yankee says they have to rail in the graveyards in America to keep them from eating the gravestones."

"Go long," says I, "and does he think we're ostriches that we could swallow the like of that."

"He says it's a fact. But talk about eatin', he says he's goin' now to Pickadilly, whatever he means by that." "Pick-a-what?" says I. "Pickadilly," says Micky. "Bedad and whatever it is I hope it will agree with him better than the cockle did with us. That's all the harm I wish the dacent man."

Now I could fill a book if I only had the learnin' with all the queer things we seen and heard during the three days we spent in London, but grand and all as the place was we were glad enough to leave it.

The people was that stupid and ignorant that they couldn't pronunciate their words properly. They didn't know a cow by "cat," a spade a spade," as the savin' is. A horse they'd call a 'oss, and one chap had the owdacity to ax me if I was from Ireland. "I am," says I, "from a higher land than you ever came from—from the Island of Saints where St. Patrick banished all the snakes out of the country. And I'm thinking," says I, "that when they were druv out of that, some of them must have tuk refuge in this country." Oh, I was so wild with him, that only for Micky that cotch me by the arm and dragged me away from him I think I would have insulted him.

Well we got home all right at any rate, and the only little piece of advice I have to give is, if any of yez get a chance of seeing the great Necropolis as they call it on the same terms as me and Micky did, don't lose your opportunity for it's well worth the money.

The Girl of It.

MAMMA.

What! ponder on my little girl I've always taught with care
That it would spoil complexions were they dark or were they fair!

LITTLE GIRL (aged twelve).

But all the girls just pile it on and laugh 'cause I don't —there!

—Judge.

Alarming.

Fred—What! Fight a duel on account of a woman? No, sir! If I thought a man flirting with my wife I'd invite him to come over for a day's shooting—just as I've invited you—and then, if an accident were to occur—

John—Heavens! I hope you don't suspect me?

A Similarity.

Little Roger—Pa, what are the three elements?

Pa—Fire, water and air.

Little Roger—Then, what are political elements?

Pa—Fire-water and wind.

The Inwardness of It.

"What's this seal trouble?" asked Ig Norance.

"Why, the seal skin people," said Knowitall, "want the plush people mulcted for infringement of copyright."

Explaining It

"Harry," said Mrs. Bloobumper, "what is the instantaneous method of taking photographs?"

"It is a system by which your picture is taken in an instant after waiting half a day in the gallery," replied Bloobumper.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Justly Indignant.

Every right-minded woman resents any reflections on her bonnet. Here is an illustration in a story from open-car time: A director of a street railroad line was riding on the car when a woman near him was robbed of her bonnet by a gust of wind. Off jumped the woman after her bonnet without waiting for the car to stop, while the director sat helpless and angry with visions of a suit for injuries from the wheels of the heavy car behind, dashing through his own head. But back she came unhurt with the rescued bonnet on her head, and got upon the car, which had now stopped with her. "That's right," said the director. "That's right; risk your life for a two-dollar bonnet!"

The woman's eyes flashed fire, and she retorted sharply, "'Tain't a two-dollar bonnet; it's a seven-dollar bonnet!"

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One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. I was entirely

Cured By

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. —Leander J. McDonald, Soley street, Charlestown, Mass.

For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a disordered condition. I was covered from head to foot with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am entirely cured. —C. Ogden, Camden, N. J.

I suffered with Boils every spring, for years, until I began taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before. —O. Snell, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine the best blood purifier in the world. —Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health. —Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

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I have been cured of a troublesome skin disease, caused by impure blood. —Wm. O. Wanerer, Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

The inquisitive man again assailed me with the question, "Which is the best, the Toronto Vocal Society or the Haslam Vocal Society?" But I was not to be caught with such ungrammatical chaff, and declined to put myself on record. The concert given by the former of these rival organizations, on Thursday evening, January 22, was certainly a success, and especially so as regards the fashionable character of its audience. The Pavilion was completely filled, extra seats having been placed, and it was a brilliant audience, composed of the *elite* of the city. The society itself was not the least attractive part of the roomful by any means. One hundred and sixty uniformly dressed singers made quite an imposing appearance. A number of familiar faces was apparent, especially among the gentlemen. The singing of the society was characterized by several new features. There was in the forte passages a fine, robust, yet mellow tone, and an excellent balance, although the altos were a trifle weak, and a slightly greater weight of tone in the sopranos than in the other parts. The attacks were prompt and decided in time, and the attention given to the conductor's beat surprisingly good, when it is considered that much of the material was new to the society's style of work, and that all were confronted by a conductor whose methods and manner were entirely new to them.

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Mr. W. Edgar Buck, who conducted, evidently possesses a magnetism which compels attention and obedience, though his mode of beating time is slightly nervous and lacks freedom of motion. Probably this very nervous accentuation had the effect of producing the extreme watchfulness shown by the chorus. Mr. Buck's idea of the speed at which his work should be done pleased me very much, except perhaps in Dudley Buck's Annie Laurie which was so slow as to lose the effect which should be produced by the light and airy accompaniments to the melody. He was specially careful in producing dynamic contrast, securing soft yet clear pianissimos, while, as I have already suggested, the fortes were impressive and dignified in their solidity. The best work done by the chorus was in Uncertain Light, a difficult work which was rendered with great spontaneity. Faning's Miller's Wooing was also rendered with extreme excellence, the variations of tempo and shading being well marked and thoughtfully conceived. Leslie's Pilgrims was exceedingly well sung, but was taken a trifle too fast. A pleasing feature was the introduction of two pieces by a composer resident in Canada. These were God Save Canada, a rather ponderous composition, and You'll Never Guess, a very bright and pleasing work. These are from the pen of Mr. Joseph Gould, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir of Montreal, who writes over the pen name of Perceval.

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The singing of Mrs. Julie E. Wyman was delightful, though I am afraid she mistook this for a part of French Canada, as three of the five numbers she sang were in the Gallic tongue. Her voice is sympathetic and rich to a degree, and her method is well-nigh perfect. She was ably and thoughtfully assisted by Miss Hattie Mockridge, whose accompaniments were excellent. Miss Aus der Ohe has never appeared to better advantage in Toronto than she did on this occasion. She gave an ideal rendering of the Chopin Nocturne, replete with sentiment and poetic feeling. The Ballade received a more robust interpretation, but it was in the Liszt Tarantelle that her superb technique was most evident. She seems to have gained in warmth of tone-color since her last visit, and is much more sympathetic in phrasing and feeling. Her encore pieces were Moszkowski's Serenata and Raff's Rigaudon.

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The Caledonian Society has found that home talent is good enough to place its concerts on a sound pecuniary basis. So this year they had a seven hundred dollar house, half of which is profit, to contrast with the twenty dollar surplus they had last year after enjoying the Balmoral Choir. The attendance on Tuesday evening was simply tremendous, as was also the applause. Mrs. Fenwick sang sweetly as ever, though I was expecting to hear her sing The Land o' the Leal, in which I was disappointed. Little Addie Smith did her graceful dances, although just returned from Chicago, where she danced in the Auditorium, at the Burns anniversary concert on Monday evening before ten thousand people. On Tuesday evening Miss Jessie Alexander was indeed upon her native heath, and was the success of the evening. Mr. Harold Jarvis gave beautiful renderings of Douglas Gordon and Afton Water, and Mr. Warrington was at his best, and sang with even more than his usual success. Mrs. Pilkie and Mr. James Fax completed the aggregation which gave the Caledonian Society one of its most successful concerts. The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss Adamson and Mr. Arthur Depew.

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At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, recently held, the president, Hon. G. W. Allan, was able to congratulate them upon the success which had attended the operations of the institution during the past year. The number of pupils had been fully kept up and the character of the work done had been most satisfactory. A reference library had been founded, which he hoped to see considerably enlarged. Scholarships had been added to those already in operation, and most satisfactory results had attended the system of recitals, lectures and concerts, which had proved so popular. The first diplomas granted by the Conservatory had been awarded to students who had satisfactorily completed the collegiate course. Mr. Allan complimented the members of the teaching staff upon the zeal and energy which had characterized the efforts of the faculty. The board of directors was re elected, with Hon. G. W. Allan as president, and Hon. Chancellor Boyd and W. B. McMurrich, Q.C., as vice-presidents.

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An interesting competition took place last Saturday afternoon at the Conservatory for a Piano Scholarship, good for one year's tuition, donated by Mr. Fisher, the musical director. After a close examination Miss Franciska Heinrich, a young lady not yet numbering twelve summers, was declared the successful candidate. The competition was limited to students under eighteen years of age. Mr. S. H. Clark, the well-known elocutionist, this week commenced a class for the study of Shakespeare's works, these lectures being free to the students. Mr. Clark's ability made the event very instructive and enjoyable. The Conservatory is certainly displaying energy in the matters relating to the advancement of art and literary culture.

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After a long lull we shall have opera again. The welcome visitor is Gilbert & Sullivan's Gondoliers, which will be heard at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening for the first time.

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The Toronto Bicycle Club will hold a conversazione at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening next, with the T. B. C. Orchestra, the T. B. C. Glee Club, Mrs. R. J. Hall, Miss May Cooper, Mr. H. L. Clarke, and Mr. R. J. Hall as performers.

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On Thursday evening next the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under Signor D'Auria, will give its third concert, with Mrs. Clara E. Shilton and Mr. Herbert L. Clarke as soloists. The chief work to be performed will be Meyerbeer's great march, Indienne, with the full orchestra, assisted by the band of the Queen's Own Rifles, a novelty as well as a most imposing number. Other selections will be the William Tell overture, a fantasia entitled Cleopatra, for harp and strings, and Gounod's Saltarello. The energy displayed by the orchestra is most commendable, especially when it is considered that these musicians are playing without any pecuniary engagement, being animated by the hope that their enthusiasm and public spirit in making the sacrifices necessary to bring such a venture to success, may be rewarded by public appreciation.

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The other orchestral organization under Mr. Torrington is also at work with renewed energy for its second concert to be given at an early date. The programme will embrace three overtures: Fest, William Tell, and Ruy Blas, with Handel's celebrated Largo, Czibulka's Songe D'Amour, Jadassohn's Serenade, and other pieces.

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Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, the popular young baritone of New York, and Mrs. Gerrit-Smith, a soprano favorably known here, will give a song recital at the Art Gallery on Friday, February 13, under the auspices of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, from whom tickets may be obtained.

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On Tuesday evening, February 17 the Mozart Quartette, composed of Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, soprano; Frau Dunbar Moraweiz, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Mr. E. W. Schuch, bass; will give a concert in the Parkdale Methodist church under the auspices of the Epworth League.

•

We shall have another boy singer here shortly, this time from England. Master Frederick Williams, the principal boy soprano of Westminster Abbey choir will sing here on February 17, 18 and 19 at the Auditorium, these concerts being among the first of his American tour of two months. The lad is only ten years old, and comes supported by the highest credentials from prominent organists in England. His repertoire is very comprehensive and of a high class.

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Heintzman's Band will give its concert on February 19, at the Pavilion, under the direction of its new bandmaster, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke with Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Clarke as soloists. The band pieces will comprise among others the Tannhæuser March, Oberon overture, Scharwenka's Polish Dance, Strauss Pizzicato Polka and Weber's Jubilee overture.

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The Philharmonic Society has issued a circular announcing that the services of the great Charles Santley have been secured for its two concerts, on April 6 and 7, when Mendelssohn's Elijah and Massenet's Eve will be performed, Mr. Santley, in addition, singing two of his favorite selections on the second evening. The subscription price has necessarily been changed, owing to the great expense of securing such a brilliant attraction, but Toronto will forfeit its high reputation as a musical center if our public does not willingly support such a laudable enterprise. The Elijah is ever popular and finds in Mr. Santley the unrivalled expositor of its title-role. Massenet's Eve is a beautiful romantic work and affords Mr. Santley another opportunity to display his great talent. Orchestra, chorus and soloists are promised to be worthy of the central attraction.

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At the final rehearsal of the Toronto Vocal Society held on the evening of January 21, the honorary president of the society, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., presented its popular conductor, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, with a handsome gold badge, on which was the monogram T. V. S., suspended from a gold bar, on which the word "conductor" was enamelled. Mr. Kerr tendered it in the name of the society in recognition of the untiring efforts of Mr. Buck in forwarding the interests of the society and for bringing it to its high state of efficiency, at the same time hoping that Mr. Buck may be spared many years to conduct the Toronto Vocal Society. Mr. Buck replied in a few feeling terms.

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Verdi, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, is at work on an opera which is almost finished, the libretto being by Arrigo Boito. What a charming sight it is to see these two men, both composers of undoubted excellence working together so harmoniously! Boito gave the world his splendid Mefistofele, and is content to write libretti for his friend. The new opera is to be called Falstaff, and is based on the adventures of that burly heroes set forth by Shakespeare. This is not, as many suppose, Verdi's first venture in comic opera. One of his earliest works, though not successful, was of that description.

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Signor Ed. Rubini has removed his studio to 32 Church street, where he is prepared, as usual, to receive his pupils.

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In the January number of the *Canadian Musical Herald*, a journal edited by Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, with Mr. Percy W. Mitchell as sub editor, there is a notice of the second concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, signed "P. W. M.," presumably from the pen of the latter gentleman. It concludes with the following paragraph: "The performance by Mr. E. W. Schuch of Verdi's Infelice was too unsuccessful an experiment to ever again warrant its repetition—at least in public." Apart from the lurid grammatical confusion of this sentence, it possesses interest for the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT in the fact that its inspiration will be found in our issue of December 27, in which there was a reference to Mr. Percy W. Mitchell's first public effort in Toronto as an "Artiste Violoniste."

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Nothing worth writing about in the dramatic line has been presented here this week. The Grand Opera house has been occupied by Prof. Bristol's exhibition of trained horses. This is an excellent show of its kind and well worthy of patronage. The sagacity displayed by the horses and mules is marvellous, and bespeaks much credit for their trainer, who, as he himself intimates, has wrought it all by kindness instead of severity.

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The exhibition of dumb animals at the Grand is more instructive and amusing than the one given by human beings at the Academy of Music, under the title of Zozo, the Magic Queen. It is difficult to say what class this affair called Zozo belongs to. It seems to be a spectacular extravaganza—without the spectacle. It has also a dash of farce-comedy, with a great deal of one thing and another filched from other pieces. Taken all around it is about as poor a combination as one could wish to see.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's, Gray and Stephen's company are playing Vesper Bells. The interest of the piece centers around the performance of a number of dogs and ponies. The play is sensational and in the line that has always been presented by this company.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Frohman's trial theater, where plays can be brought out for $200 or so, provided there are authors who have so much, will be opened in New York in a few weeks.

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Aubery Boucicault, son of Dion Boucicault, who is just about to be married, has written a new play expressly for his mother, in which Mrs. Boucicault will appear with her daughter Nina and the author.

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The following notice was posted in the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, last week: "Many complaints having been made to the Opera House of the annoyance produced by the talking in the boxes during the performances, the board requests that it be discontinued."

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At one of the leading theatrical agencies of New York the statement is made that not for years have reports of bad business throughout the country been so numerous. The city is filled with actors and actresses, whose companies have already collapsed. It has been customary to expect a flood of unemployed artists after the holidays, but this year many organizations have been forced to suspend before the usual time, and on every pleasant afternoon Broadway is filled with professional men and women, who are looking for engagements.

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"I was in London," said a young Detroiter, "and as I was sight-seeing I took in some of that low life strata of the metropolis which forms the shadow of its wonderful pictures. I went to a big theater and sat in the pit. On one side of me I had a drunken bargee. On the other two fishwives, comely women with plenty of brawn and muscle, and I think my presence there made them quite as uncomfortable as theirs did me. I was surprised when in a pause in the play the fishlady turned and asked me to look up at a light that hung suspended from the ceiling behind me. I turned my back to her and looked up at the light until my eyes blinked. Then failing to observe anything unusual I turned my head just in time to see the woman removing a long black bottle from her lips. She and her friend both laughed wickedly and I got up and left the theater, having had my two shpence worth of the pit."

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It seems that the jokes about matronliness in ballets are not unfounded. A troupe now engaged in a New York theater actually contains three members whose relationship are those of grandmother, mother and daughter. The statement is more of a shock, however, than the sight of these three graces. The grandmother is a year or two under fifty, and a graceful, supple woman yet, with a face whose lines of age can readily be smoothed over with the chalk and rouge of imitation youth. She looks no more than sixty per cent. of her years. The mother is thirty and the granddaughter only fourteen. There is a strong family resemblance in the trio, not only facially, but because they are of almost precisely the same size and shape. One of their contributions to the entertainment is a skirt dance, and in the play bill they are declared to be sisters. It may be worth a record, moreover, that grandma can kick higher than either of her descendants.

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The following poetical description of one of our great lakes is given by Joseph Jefferson in his autobiography: "Lake Huron at sunset is before me now—a purple sky melting into a golden horizon; rich green foliage on the banks; yellow sand with many-colored pebbles marking the beach of the lake; the clear and glassy water; groups of Indians lolling on the banks, smoking their pipes and making baskets; the hills dotted with their little villages of tents made of skins and painted canvas; blue smoke curling slowly up in the calm summer air, and all the bright colors reflected in the lake. I stood there as a boy, skimming flat stones over the surface of the water, and now as I write, in the autumn of my life, these once quiet shores are covered with busy cities; the furnaces glow with melted iron; the locomotive screams and whistles along the road where once the ox teams used to carry the mail, and corner lots and real estate agents fill the air."

'Varsity Chat.

Probably in no other institution are the newspapers so freely read as at the 'Varsity. Some people may pray for daily bread, but we would howl unless we had the daily papers. Every question that arises is freely discussed by the students, and in order to keep "abreast with the public questions of the day," mock parliaments have been initiated at the Literary Society. On Friday night of last week, when the "parliament" was opened with due ceremonies, a short debate took place on the topics referred to in the speech from the Throne. It matters not what principles were involved in the "speech." It is discussion the boys are after, and the debate was adjourned for a fortnight. The game will then be resumed with all the force of eloquence in command of the members. The composition of the cabinet is as follows: Mr. J. M. Godfrey, Premier and President of the Council; Mr. W. P. Reeve, Minister of the Interior; Mr. A. F. Kirkpatrick, Minister of Finance; Mr. J. W. Graham, Minister of Public Works; Mr. R. E. Hooper, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. H. C. Pope, Minister of Justice; Mr. W. G. Watson, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Mr. F. W. Bull, Minister of Railways and Canals; Mr. U. M. Wilson, Minister of Militia and Defence; Mr. C. J. Moss, Minister of Customs; Mr. E. Gillis, Minister of Inland Revenue; Mr. J. A. McKellar, Postmaster-General; and Mr. F. B. Hellems, Secretary of State. Mr. A. J. McKinnon is leader of the Opposition.

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Dr. John Ferguson, M.A., in a lecture on Health, before the students of Knox College on Friday evening of last week, advised his hearers to be always cheerful and in good spirits. We may now look for laughing societies among the Knox men, and expect to find all persons who do not conform to the rules, up before the college court which has been established for the trial of offences. The court will be conducted by the students themselves and justice will be meted out to those who laugh and to those who do not laugh. Those who attempt to sing in the corridors after midnight will be sentenced to horrible torments in good Presbyterian style.

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A number of rare books, dealing with the earlier economic condition of England, have been presented to the library by Prof. Maxwell, the successor of Jevons in the chair of Political Economy in University College, London.

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A letter to the members of the Y. M. C. A. has been received from Mr. James S. Gall, B.A., the association's missionary in Korea. In the epistle there is a playful reference to the conflicts the boys in days gone by had with the "bobbies," and to the disturbance on account of the firing of the cannon in the Queen's park one Hallowe'en night.

•

Mr. H. R. Fairclough, M.A., lecturer in Greek in the 'Varsity, and Mr. A. T. DeLury, B.A., fellow in Mathematics in Clark University, have accepted positions in a college at Vancouver, B.C. May they be as successful in the future as in the past.

•

Mr. J. H. Lamont presided at the social meeting of the class of '92, on Saturday evening of last week. The glowing hours were assisted in their flight by vocal and instrumental music, readings and recitations. The chief entertainers were Miss Annis, Miss Hillock, Miss Cline, Miss Rodgers, Miss Smith and Miss Green, Messrs. Evans, Wales and Govenlock.

•

The students of the School of Practical Science have secured appliances for the cultivation of muscular science. They announce that they have received another set of boxing gloves. Any student dissatisfied with his beauty should call on the Practical Science men and have the contour of his nose altered by the force of circumstances. DRAX ALEEN.

Trinity Talk.

The Rev. the Provost will return on Monday from Lakewood to be present at the conversazione.

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At the meeting of the Literary Institute held on Friday last a most interesting debate on the Sunday Street Car question was held, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Chilcott speaking against Sunday cars while Messrs. Trenholm and Reid spoke in their favor. The speeches were good, and through Mr. Trenholm brought forward many strong arguments for the negative, the audience declared themselves in favor of the affirmative by a fair majority.

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The hockey craze has reached Trinity and our enthusiasts are hard at work making and flooding a good sized rink on the campus, but owing to the rather unpropitious weather their attempts have not, as yet, been attended with much success. A couple of practice games with the team at the New Fort showed that there are some good players among the students, and before long we hope to have a try at a team from 'Varsity.

•

The Classical Association, judging from the success of their first meeting, is going to be most popular. Mr. Coleman read a paper on Virgil as an Author, which showed careful preparation and which was of a most instructive character. Mr. Martin's essay of Virgil and his Models was much enjoyed. Rev. Prof. Lloyd brought the meeting to an end by a general review of the papers which had been read during the evening. The next meeting will be held on February 10. CIRCUS.

Higher Materia ism.

For Saturday Night.

I.

Oh, wondrous works of nature,
How sweet your words to me—
The sighing of the forest,
The sobbing of the sea!
Far down the roaring tempest,
When I behold thy form,
The light of hope arises
And glimmers thro' the storm.

II.

Thy heart-throbs are so mighty,
Thy grace is so divine,
Thy harmony so wondrous,
To this poor heart of mine.
I seem to rise on pinions
Above the mind of man,
Beholding as a river
The great eternal plan.

III.

'Tis in these mighty moments
I feel no more than a sod;
And tho' a sod, an image
Of the great one being God;
I know I am eternal
Infinite and sublime—
Existing, if only as matter,
Throughout unending time.

IV.

I am no more than a flower
No less than the glorious sun;
For being is eternal
And all things are but one;
And if this body putrefy
Or lieth in the ground,
It still exists and will exist,
In one eternal round.

V.

And who shall say this stone here
Doth not a joy conceal,
More glorious than the glorious joys
All arts of man reveal?
So shall I be as happy
And shall exist as well
If I be a very sum of sums
Or a daisy in a dell;
For the daisy is a daisy
As much as the sun's a sun—
All being is eternal
And all things are but one.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

Sir Faintheart.

For Saturday Night.

When on the street I meet my love,
My heart goes pit-a-pat;
A blush doth overspread my face
As I take off my hat;
I am exultant when she smiles,
And then the thought comes fast,
She'd smile again that self-same smile,
If another fellow past.
And then I gaze on all I meet,
With sour, jaundiced eye,
And heave from my dejected heart
A pessimistic sigh.

She does not know that I espied
Her cloak of dainty brown,
A block away, and then began
To trample children down:
Crossed streets, turned corners, almost missed
The trophy of my race;
Nor by what mathematic thought
I met her face to face;
Nor know my yearnings as I pass
Her form of light and grace;
Nor how I hate the *capoted* beast
Who has usurped my place.

And when, to wander by her side
I am allowed by fate;
Perchance I say, "The weather's fine,"
Then, "Yes, 'tis wet of late."
Perhaps, did I not know she'd laugh,
I'd sentimental grow,
So I say nothing, lest I cause
That silver stream to flow.
Ah! much I fear, I'll never win
A love-glance from those eyes;
So faint a heart as mine did ne'er
Deserve so fair a prize.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

In the Dance.

Her dainty feets do shylie shows
Benethe her gowne, as to and froe
She treades ye mazes of ye dance,
And oft I looke at them—askance,
Lest that I'm lookynge she mais knowe.

Soft satyne slippers bro't from France,
Withe bows and buckle to enhance
Their charm, and my heart lyes below
Her daintie feete.

And as she moveth faste or slowe,
Accordynge as ye tune doth goe,
I prayse that some moste happie chance
May lede beayde me, thro' life's dance,
To treade ye measure ever soe,
Her daintie feete.

—Spirit.

In An Old Garden.

Weeds run riot where lilies grew,
Stately and lovely and pure as truth,
In the old, dead days when the garden knew
The beauty that blesses the time of youth.
Nettles creep to the crumbling sill,
And briers climb where the rose once bloomed,
But a clump of rue holds its tenure still,
And remembers the beauty that fate has doomed.

Moss grows thick on the path where trod
The feet of youth in the days gone by,
And the feet of those who were nearing God
And the time to say with a sigh—good-bye.
I wonder if ever, on moonlit nights,
Ghostly footfalls, through mold and moss,
Come and go where the old delights
Of life and loving gave place to loss?

Lovers have walked here, hand in hand;
Here, by this dying tree, was told
A story sweeter to understand
Than the tales of all poets, young or old.
Where is the lover who told his love?
Where is the maiden whose lips he kissed?
Ah! but the grave grass grows above
Those who no longer are mourned or missed.

Poor old garden of dead delights,
Haunted I know you are, night and day.
The gull from the sea, in his landward flights,
Hints of the fleet years that flew away.
Ever and ever, while nettles spread
Over the beds where the lilies grew,
You think of the past and its long since dead,
And the beauty and brightness that once you knew!

Your heart is truer than hearts of men
O poor old garden, for man forgets;
They bury their dead and go on again,
And life has room for but brief regret;
But you mourn forever for lost delights;
You grieve for the beauty that could not last;
And I share your sorrow on lonesome nights
When my heart remembers its happy past.

ERNE E. RECFORD.

Noted People.

On the Duke of Orleans's recent trip he took 400 photographs, which, upon development, showed 350 blank and fifty unrecognizable scenes.

The new Archbishop of York, Dr. Magee, formerly Bishop of Peterborough, is the first Irishman who has ever become Primate of England.

The income of Lord Revelstoke, the head of the house of Baring, will not in future exceed £3,000 a year. It was once more than forty thousand.

Marshal Booth gives this succinct statement of the salvation methods: "Scrubology and soapology, instead of theology, in dealing with the submerged twentieth of society.

Rider Haggard's wife is a plump and rosy little Englishwoman, the personification of energy, and in that respect as well as in stature the very opposite of her talented husband.

King Oscar of Sweden has blossomed out as an author. The fourth volume of his literary labors, just issued from the press, comprises the speeches he delivered prior to his accession to the throne.

Boston has made the discovery that the original of Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, who stood under the spreading chestnut tree, and the muscles of whose brawny arms were as strong as iron bands, is Henry Francis Moore, a blacksmith still living in Medford, Mass.

The late Chief Rabbi of London's Ethical Will, published in the *Jewish Chronicle*, contains this exhortation: "Whatever be your calling, continue to shun, oh, my dear ones, as I know you do, every kind of usury, for usury still constitutes, alas! the malignant canker which eats into the vitality of the House of Israel."

Lord Tennyson some time since gave to a newspaper correspondent an account of his method of composition. Whenever he sees a picturesque scene in nature, he jots down the four or five words which describe it most perfectly, to be worked afterwards into his poems. "A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight," "Its stormy crests that smote against the skies," "Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn," are some of the examples of these studies from the life.

On the forefinger of Chauncey Depew may be seen an old ring which has been often commented upon. It is one of those mystic German rings which was given him by one of the nobility while abroad. Composed of three separate bands, it parts slightly in the middle when the fingers are bent. The outside is perfectly plain and is set with ruby and amethyst. Upon pressing these stones, a spring opens and discovers the surface covered with magical signs and names of spirits.

Queen Victoria's daughters, in addition to being excellent needlewomen, are also good cooks. When they were children they had a little kitchen of their own at Osborne, where they concocted all kinds of dishes, sweets being naturally their favorites. Here they converted into jam the fruit out of their own gardens, and turned out many a savory dish for the delectation of their brothers, all of whom had as excellent appetites as generally appertain to boys. At least one of the Princesses still continues to cook an occasional little dish, and has been heard to say that she would have made an excellent *chef*.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who, under the fanciful *nom de plume* of Julien Gordon, has made for herself an excellent literary reputation, is a brilliant and beautiful society woman of the most exclusive circles in New York city. She is distantly connected with the Washington Irving family, while her husband is a descendant of the old patroons of Albany. Col. Cruger is a prominent Republican leader, and it is through his experiences that Mrs. Cruger gained the insight into political affairs, which enabled her to write A Diplomat's Diary. Mrs. Cruger had long wished to try her hand at novel-writing, but not until recently has she exercised her powers. She has a beautiful home and entertains handsomely. Few women in the full tide of social favor would find time or inclination for severe literary pursuits.

Mr. Leatham Bright, son of the great "Tribune of the people," has some very original and amusing ideas. One is that Christmas dishes are abominations. Last Christmas Day he was going down to Cardiff to look after one of his ships, and on the way telegraphed to his hotel—"Prepare dinner at eight for three. If you put on the table turkey, goose, sausage, or plum pudding shall not pay." The hotel proprietor thought he would retaliate the fun of his jocular and genial guest, and when Mr. Bright and friends arrived they found to their astonishment that nothing but bread and cheese had been put on the table for their dinner. Seeing at once the joke, Mr. Bright declared that nothing would suit them better, and commenced the dinner. But immediately afterwards some good honest dishes, neither turkey, goose, sausage, nor plum pudding, were brought up, and all was well that ended well.

Dr. Todhunter, the great mathematician, was very chary of his praise, and any student at Cambridge University who succeeded in gaining a word of commendation from Dr. Todhunter must have richly deserved it. On one occasion the worthy doctor propounded a formidable problem to the class for solution. The question was an abstruse one, and all the members of the class, with the exception of one, gave it up in despair. This man, whom we will call Taylor, stuck to the question manfully, and at length succeeded in obtaining the correct solution. Taylor duly handed in his work to the doctor, amid the interest of his classmates, who felt certain that he would receive some meed of praise for his unexpected solution. Dr. Todhunter went carefully through it, giving vent to an occasional "Hm! yes." On reaching the end he turned to Taylor and said: "Don't you think you had better dot that i?" A roar of laughter burst from the class, and "dot your i" was a standing joke for a long time afterwards.

Men's Women.

We often hear the expression "a man's woman." Let it be noted that the words are usually uttered by one of the gentle sex, and prefaced by an ejaculation savoring slightly of disapproval, an "Oh!" accompanied by a meaning smile, a slight elevation of the eyebrows, a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, yes," they say, with one or more of these mystic signals,—"oh, yes, she is a man's woman."

Now, do they mean by this to impute or to excuse vagary? And what is a man's woman? Most of us understand pretty accurately what is intended by this epithet, yet it is hard to define, and the direct question is a baffling one.

Most women are, have been, or intend to become the possession of some especial man; yet it may be certified that the greater number of them are not, never were, and never will be "men's women." How, then, are we to distinguish this subtle difference which so clearly marks out certain women among their sisters?

First of all, let us succinctly and definitely explain that a "man's woman" is a shorthand phrase. It means to express tersely what it would take too long to state in detail. A "man's woman" is one whose society is sought with avidity by the opposite sex, whose most ardent champions are men, at whose bidding men are prompt to respond, and in whose companionship men seem to find peculiar happiness. She is one who "makes conquests," and who is ever winning lovers.

With closed doors, and in low whispers, other women, who are not "men's women," ask each other, What is it? What is this inward grace of which the outward evidences are so marked—this atmosphere which environs some women and gives them such incontestable power? Women who cannot see it, or women who are blind and will not, ask each other, "What is it?"

A man's woman may be beautiful, clever, accomplished; she may have in addition the luxurious surroundings, the indolent ease, which in these sybaritic days seem necessary adjuncts to a woman's attractiveness and gracefully frame the picture. Yet these things are not necessary to a man's woman. It is quite possible that she may possess none of them.

Perhaps of them all the gift of a transcendent beauty is the one with which she can the most easily dispense. The man's woman is seldom really plain (although such cases have existed), but she is oftenest not beautiful. None the less she casts such a glamor over her admirers—"throws dust into their eyes," as her detractors say—that men will sometimes insist of such a one that she is beautiful; and this in the very face of all the art schools and all the canons of correct proportion.

As to her cleverness, while she generally displays the subtlety of thought, the quick adaptiveness, the fine discernment, which betray knowledge of the human heart, she may be more or less lazy intellectually: her learning may be superficial and her accomplishments few. I say they may be; because if she possesses wit, culture, and talent these are undoubtedly an added charm, particularly if she employ them in increasing her personal attractions. But they are not necessary to the sway she exerts. In fact, they are valueless if they walk not hand in hand with suppleness and tact. Men instinctively dislike "superior" women; and many women who are beautiful, well educated, and elegant have never received bliss-conferring brevet of fascination.

There must be, then, some force outside of all other attributes, independent of them, and as vague in its sources as it is evident and powerful in its effects. The beauty of a "man's woman" may consist in a mysterious smile, a trick of the hair upon the brow, a dainty slipper,—nothing more; yet the magic perfume of her presence is enough. Men feel that the more would be too much. Women, who always give large credence to the power of mere beauty, will forever look on and marvel. If it were only a certain exterior configuration of form and color it would be no wonder. But there is another, a subtler charm, which lies deeper and eludes analysis. It matters little whether her eyes be large or light or small or dark, her features classic or irregular, whether her tongue be eloquent or she be given to silence, if she hides within herself that which attracts, enchants, and retains.

The man's woman is an individual, a personality; she sometimes manifests admirable traits of character. They are developed, possibly, by those very forms of temptation and of trial to which she will be peculiarly subjected. Her calumniators can often find no harsher epithet of condemnation for her than that which forms our theme. She may be heartless, it is true; she may even be cruel, cold, mean; but this is uncommon and improbable. In fact, she is rarely envious or malicious, and she has generally a large-mindedness which makes her "easy to live with." While she is not deficient in the desire to please, she is often no more energetically vain than others. She is even capable of resenting a measure of the admiration which she inspires, and for which other women toil with such meagre results.

The man's woman is generally quick to recognize her own peculiar power in another. She can judge a woman from a man's standpoint, and do her generous and full justice. Yet she herself inspires aversion in the greater number of her own sex. If baleful glances could slay, she would not survive an hour. Nothing can be more flattering; for, while she feels little envy, she inspires an immense deal, and let some of those who think they despise her fear to discover that they secretly admire her! She has for enemies most of the women of her own age and station who think themselves endowed with equal attractions, most women who have done with, or who have never tasted, the sweets of love and coquetry, and therefore look upon these things with acerb distrust, and all the mothers of marriageable daughters.

The man's woman is rarely susceptible; often she is exclusive and *difficile*. She is generally married young, and her career extends from the age of twenty to forty-five; sometimes indeed it stretches beyond this point, as in the example of Julie de Recamier, queen over men's hearts for half a century, who yet remained proud and pure. Some of to-day's enchantresses, like her, only ask leave to live their life, to be allowed to pass by without being rudely jostled.

When the man's woman enters a room, be it full even of inimical persons, she invariably produces sensation. Her dress is discussed, her modes of live, her habits, her gestures; they are frequently imitated. Her words are repeated, exaggerated, sometimes wilfully misunderstood; but, be she praised or blamed, she is always of importance, always desired, always welcome. To be both censured and sought after creates counter currents. The life of such a woman will be full of disquieting rapids. If happiness means calm, she will rarely be happy. Her outward tranquillity will conceal inward tumult. Her life may be a brilliant one; it is almost never peaceful.

With women her friendships will not be romantic. There may often enter into them an element of practical helpfulness and of quiet constancy, for her tyrannies, exactions and caprices will not be exercised here. She will give and look for support, not for transport. To a person who has tampered with the fires in passion-sick souls, the enthusiasms of friendship must always look a little tame.

I have said that she has many enemies among women, but *ca va sans dire* that she has for her friends or lovers, as the case may be, nearly all men. And she has another class of adorers, unselfish, reverent, even abject: I mean very young girls. She will have a whole bevy of these maidens about her, if she can only be patient enough to bear with them. To these girls, hardly more than children, not having yet attained the age of social rivalries, she is the goddess of all beauty and loveliness. They secretly pray Heaven that they may some day resemble her; they ask their mothers if it be possible. If she so much as pass her jewelled fingers over their hair negligently, they carry the soft touch upon their foreheads all through the day like a benediction. She herself does not know, has probably no idea, of the extent of ethereal idolatry which she inspires in these humble hearts; she might only consider it laughable: for, while she is capable of frank cordiality towards her own sex, she has a horror of silliness in affection. And at the best, woman must necessarily play a subordinate *role* in her life, since most of those who busy themselves about her actions are but as shadows to her.

In her relations with men the man's woman is always an enigma to the by-standers. They lose themselves forever in a maze of conjecture as to whether she have or have not the capability of deep feeling. Women call her designing and mischief-making, and yet no word may be more misapplied. She sometimes, in fact, behaves with extraordinary unworldliness. She may whimsically discard the desirable aspirant to her favor, to encourage the trembling and timid devotion of one who, having nothing to offer but his adoration, takes it and her seriously; and who knows but he may be right?

Certain it is that her conduct will be full of surprises, and subjected to no rules. If she marries, it is probable that her husband will think her adorable; and it is also certain that he will be pitied by all his female friends.

Who shall say whether the man's woman is a natural product or the expression of her own fate? Who shall boast of having understood her? Who has divined whether she be passionate or cold? Some one defines charm as the expression of a heart that is full of passion. Wherein does her charm inhere? The question is one that touches upon the domain of psychology.

Alone in the silence of her own room, seeing herself without glamor and without pretences, does she indeed fathom herself? Does she look into her mind and ask herself, gazing in her mirror, "What is it?" Or does she smile back at the reflection and say to herself, "I know!"

We leave her in this semi-obscurity. Her secret is not for us. Let us respect its shibboleth, lest, like the Ephraimites of old, we be ourselves routed and slain.—*Julien Gordon in Lippincott's.*

For Me.

For Saturday Night.

Thy lips, my love, are rose leaves,
Thy brow—a tablet fair—
Thine eyes are Heaven's azure
And threads of gold thy hair.

Yet though thou art so lovely
Thy mind is love'ler still
And binds my heart to thine, love—
Let time change as it will.

Thy lips may lose their rose hue,
Thy brow may wrinkled be,
Thine eyes—thy hair—may fade, love,
But thy soul is for me!

FELIX.

Conceited Celebrities.

It is of course pardonable that a great man should have a high opinion of himself. One cannot find much fault with Wordsworth, even when one reads that he spoke of himself as writing on, though fully assured that his poems would be unpopular, because he knew that they would also be immortal! Many other poets have laid to their souls the same flattering unction, and have been content to write for posterity, which, however, has not always been content to read them. Horace, speaking of his odes, said: "I have erected a monument more durable than brass, and more regal than the lofty height of the pyramids;" while Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, used an expression so similar that one suspects it at once as borrowed:

"Not marbles, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this lofty rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time."

Lord Tennyson, too, is reported to have said that the Bugle Song, in The Princess, is the finest lyric in the English language. Walter Savage Landor was of opinion that his Imaginary Conversations were of such literary value that there had not been five volumes of prose to equal them in two thousand years.

Coming to quite another sphere of life from that of the poet—the cricket field, to wit—we may mention old Lillywhite, who used to say: "I bowls the best ball in England, and Mr. Horene bowls the next." It was quite true doubtless, but even its truth was overshadowed by its beautiful modesty.

It is related of Victor Hugo that, when quite unknown, he walked into the office of a certain publisher and tried to sell him some poems. The publisher was not in a buying frame of mind, and Victor, as he went out, said: "You have to-day thrown away a fortune, sir. I was about to make an arrangement with you whereby you would be able to publish everything I shall write in the future. You have lost that opportunity. It is one that will never occur again." Somewhat tall talk, this, for a youth not out of his teens, though his after fame justified it.

When Lord Beaconsfield first tried to speak in the House of Commons, he broke down utterly, and was mercilessly laughed at. With more emotion, probably, than he ever allowed himself to show at any subsequent time during the whole of his public career, he said, in a trembling voice: "You have laughed at me to-day. The time will come when you will be glad to hear me."

A composer of no particular note once said: "When I was twenty I said 'I'; at thirty I said 'I and Mozart'; at forty I said 'Mozart and I'; at fifty, I now say 'Mozart.'"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

Our At Home, which speaks for itself in another column, rather interfered with the usual programme of this society last Saturday evening, the first hour being taken up in discussing all important arrangements.

On the meeting being called to order by the president, it was found that the secretary was absent and with him the society's minute book. However, his chair was exceedingly well filled by Mr. Boland. It was found impossible to discuss the Unrestricted Reciprocity question, which had been set for the evening's debate, owing to the absence of both leaders, consequently the president was asked to name a subject for impromptu discussion. He arose to the occasion by suggesting Sunday Street Cars, which happened to be a subject which suited his audience admirably, and led to one of the best and liveliest debates of the session. Mr. Harper Armstrong volunteered to lead the affirmative, and Mr. Russell Starr the negative.

Mr. Armstrong opened the discussion by reviewing a good many of the arguments which have appeared in the press, but greatly to the delight of his audience, embellishing them with airy flights of fancy, and interspersing them with jokes, thus attacking at one and the same time two of the most vulnerable points of a law student, his reasoning power and his risibility.

Mr. Starr followed for the negative and presented the case in its religious and scientific aspects. He claimed that the cause of religion is not forwarded by people travelling miles to hear a popular preacher when they can worship God as well in their own "little church around the corner"; that the researches of scientific men have proved that one day out of seven must be set aside for rest and recuperation, and that although the rich man might drive in his carriage on Sunday it was no reason why the poor man should, as two wrongs cannot make one right.

Mr. G. J. Ashworth supported Mr. Armstrong in a speech redolent of wild flowers and fresh breezes, carrying in fancy, the worker tired with six days' hard labor with his ailing wife and sickly bairns, from squalid surroundings hemmed in by smoke and bad smells to the sweet-scented country where, in drawing near to nature, thy could hardly fail to draw nearer to nature's God.

Mr. Kingston did his best by clever argument and well chosen words to bolster up a cause which from the first was evidently lost.

Messrs. Lake and Cross followed for the affirmative and Messrs. Langford and Anderson for the negative.

Mr. Ryckman in virtue of his office criticized the various speakers; his learned aspect and scholarly attainments lend added weight to his remarks, make him the terror of careless and ungrammatical speakers and cannot fail to have beneficial effect on the society.

The president summed up the debate in a very concise manner. The arguments in favor of Sunday cars were based upon reason; in large cities cars became a necessity and consequently were not contrary to Scripture; just when they became a necessary work was the question, which depended entirely on the size of our city. He agreed with the affirmative that Toronto had reached that limit. The arguments of the negative were mainly based upon sentiment, and perhaps prejudice, but as these two elements were of but little weight in a court of justice, he felt justified in deciding in favor of the affirmative.

Mr. Harper Armstrong gave notice that he will move that an evening be set apart to discuss the advisability of the society taking an active part in the coming election of Benchers.

LEX.

A Nice, Quiet Little Boy.

"You were a nice, quiet little boy in Sunday school this morning, Bobby," said the minister. "I was very much pleased."

"Yes," replied Bobby, "pa said that if I'd behave myself in Sunday school I needn't go to church."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

The Poor Husband.

A young married couple lived very happily together. One morning, however, the young woman was very morose at the breakfast table and behaved in a most extraordinary way. The husband noticed the change in her manner, but on being questioned by him as to the cause of it, she would not give him satisfaction until he finally insisted on being told what was the matter. "Well," she said at last, "if I dream again that you have kissed another woman I will not speak to you again as long as I live."—*Wasp.*

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—I saw your intended to-day.
Maud—Whom do you refer to?
Ethel—Why, Jack Brown, of course.
Maud—O dear no. He is not my intended. He is only my engaged.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Change of Front.

Deacon Mulgreaves—By Jimminy!—that wuz an awful pooty gal that jest went by! Mr. Mulgreaves (on ahead)—Deacon!—*Judge.*

A Lie on the Face of It.

Mr. Chris. Cross—Late m' dear? I'sure you I came straight home from the store.—*Puck.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicely," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXX.

FRESH LINKS.

Strange, as it may appear, the calamity which had lately occurred, in which such deadly injury appeared to have been done to the heir of Eagle's Crag by the heir of Musgrave Towers, instead of fomenting the jealousy between the two houses and widening the breach, seemed rather to act in an opposite way and quench the worst of the fire which had smouldered and blazed so long.

Mr. Musgrave had been greatly changed by this last event. The old bitterness against his cousin and his cousin's house had seemed absolutely forgotten in this new disgrace and misery. He could think of nothing but his anger against the son who had disgraced his whole family—everything seemed awakened up in the one overwhelming anxiety to know what would happen next; whether the unhappy father most desired his son to appear and answer for himself, or to remain forever an outcast and a wanderer, he himself could not say.

His wife, almost as restless and unhappy as himself, tormented by a thousand guilty doubts and fears, would have given much to have recalled the past, and let matters take their course without her connivance. Bad as she was, she was not one of Mr. Vansittart's stamp; and she began to feel that she had played into his hands, and was caught in a trap of her own devising.

She knew that Cedric was innocent. She thought it likely if once he escaped she might be able to prove his innocence before the world, in which case, farewell to Jocelyn's chance of heirship. When in her better moments she felt she must speak out. This thought, and the knowledge of her own share in the guilty secret, deterred her and held her mute; whilst, when she thought of Cedric held in close captivity somewhere, at the absolute mercy of a man so perfectly pitiless as Mr. Vansittart, her heart failed her or a sense of shame and not very shame sealed her lips, she felt she must have spoken.

And she could not even be certain that Jock would reap the fruits of her foul plotting. Her husband was so moody and irritable that she dared not broach the subject of the disposition of his property. He had given up all thoughts of annoying his cousin. No allusion was ever made to the claim upon the Stormont plate. Lord Doverdale's name raised no angry feelings in his heart; and when he heard that Lord Mervyn was getting better, he said he was glad of it!

No one could have reckoned upon such a change; it puzzled all beholders.

Lord Doverdale's bitterness was slightly abating under the silent influence of his son. Mervyn's recovery filled his heart with joy, and though the viscount avoided all open discussion upon the subject, he mentioned in his quiet, indirect fashion to modify greatly a good many of the most violent feelings of the old nobleman. The earl was not let into the intricacies of evidence that were occupying the minds of his sons; but he was made to feel that there was a doubt as to Cedric's guilt; and that together with the absence of open annoyance from the other house, acted as a softener of asperity, and was good ground-work for a more decided change of feeling.

As for Keith and Janet, they made the most of this cessation of active hostility, and contrived many meetings in which he tried to cheer her drooping spirits by the assertion that all would come right in time; and when Jock was let out of durance vile he sometimes accompanied his sister on her rambles round the lake, and once had the felicity of hearing from Cicely Castleton's own lips her anxiety about him, interspersed with thanks to him for having saved her life.

That no stigma attached to those who called themselves Cedric's brother and sister for the cruel charge brought against him, was plainly demonstrated by those Beaks, who, in their hold, and Keith never wearied of bidding Marjorie be brave, because it was always darkest before the dawn.

She knew that her lover hoped to prove Cedric's innocence to the world; but she did not know by what steps and means. She supposed to despair of his success till she one day found herself pressed into the "detective service," as Keith called it, and understood better than before upon what grounds the viscount and his brother based their hopes.

"Marjorie," said Keith one day, meeting her with a look of excitement in his face, "I have heard from Hunt that Dinah Boyes has come to her mind at last, and have got his leave that some questions be put to her about the night she was hurt. I can't go myself, of course, but will you? You have known her a long time, and she will not stand in awe of you as she might of Patricia. Besides, she is Cedric's sister, you would do it most naturally."

"What do you want me to do?"

"To find out all she can for you about that night, especially who knocked her down, and the reason of the assault, and anything she may know about the three men who have since disappeared from this part of the world—the little man in the moleskin cap (the one you fancied your father employed), and the two big fellows who went by the name of Jakes and Thomas. People about are so desperately afraid of criminating themselves that they will hardly say a word about the ruffians, or intend they know anything of them; but Dinah will not be so reserved. She was always on our side."

Marjorie was eagerly pleased to undertake this task. The suspense of uncertainty hanging over them was most trying, and any way of relieving this was eagerly welcomed. She set out at once for the inn where poor Dinah lived, and was without any difficulty admitted to the room where the sick girl lay.

Dinah had recovered a good deal of bodily strength during the time that her mind had been astray, and rather to Marjorie's surprise was sitting up in an easy chair by the window, with a little tinge of color in her pale cheeks. As a matter of fact she had come to herself three days ago, but Mr. Hunt had kept this to himself until he considered his patient in a fit state to stand questioning as to recent events. Now, however, this might be done without risk, and she seemed quite pleased to see her, she knew as Marjorie was to hear it. So far not a word had been spoken to her upon the subject. Her parents had suspicion that she was suffering from anything but the effects of a severe fall, and they had not the least idea that she took any special interest in the affairs which had lately been concerning the place, or that the fate of Adams, Lord Mervyn, or Mr. Cedric Musgrave would be of any consequence to her. She had not dared to put any questions, and not a word had passed upon the subject.

But when Marjorie came, the girl at once guessed the purport of her errand, and clasping her hands together, asked breathlessly:

"Oh, Miss Marjorie—how good of you to come! Now you will tell me about it. Did Lord Mervyn escape? Did Mr. Musgrave get there in time?"

"Lord Mervyn was hurt, but is getting better. I want you to tell me what you know about it, Dinah, something, we feel sure."

"It was that man Moulde who told me there was to be murder done that night. I never could find out who he was, or what he was after. No one knew anything about him, nor where he lived, nor nothing. He wore an old moleskin cap, and mostly had a patch over his eye, and he stirred the lads up dreadful against Lord Mervyn, and what he was doing, till I was certain some harm must come of it. But when they were so worked up that they was to be murder that very night, he met me himself as I came through the wood and almost bid me tell Cedric Musgrave to the rescue."

"And did you?"

"Ay, that I did. Didn't he tell you? I met him, as luck would have it, just before I got to the village; and when he heard that Lord Mervyn was to be attacked he rushed off to the wood as fast as his legs would carry him, and I was so excited, I ran after him! I thought perhaps I'd best go and tell others, and get them to go and help. So I turned back and came face to face with that great horrid Thomas, who was hanging around so much after Moulde, and before I could say a word he caught me down, and I didn't know nothing more till I woke up the other day and found out what a time had gone by."

"Can you guess why Thomas knocked you down?"

"I think, maybe, he was afraid I had guessed something and was running to get help. You see, if he was going to have a hand in it he wouldn't care to have anyone get wind of it till he was far enough away. They say he's not been heard of in the place since."

"No, he hasn't; neither he, nor Jakes, nor Moulde have been seen; and Dinah, my brother, Mr. Cedric, disappeared that night too, and has not been heard of since, and the coroner's jury found him guilty of the assault upon Lord Mervyn and the murder of his servant."

Dinah's nerves were stronger than many girls', and she did not scream or blanch at this strange piece of intelligence. She only stared at her guest, and begged to hear the whole story, to which she listened with undivided attention.

"Oh, Miss Marjorie!" she said at last, when she had taken in every detail. "I see it all as plain as anything. They made me tell Mr. Cedric, so that he might be there and get the blame of it all; and they meant that Mr. Mervyn to be dead, too, so that he could not tell that he only came to warn him——"

"But Lord Mervyn says——"

"Yes, Miss, so you say—excuse the interruption; but if Mr. Cedric set upon him 'twas only to save him from worse; we all know that his lordship wouldn't judge so much for anyone. Why, I said to Mr. Cedric my own self, 'If he won't—make him; you are stronger than he,' or something like that. Depend upon it, he was trying to make him come away. If his lordship was stunned, like enough he can't remember quite clearly how it was."

"He does think it was something like that. He is certain Mr. Cedric meant no harm, and never really hurt him or his servant. But why, if he is innocent, does he hide away? for Keith had not revealed to Marjorie his worst fear about her brother.

"Oh, Miss, can't you see? Either they've killed him too, so that he can't never come back; or else they've got him shipped off somewhere, or hidden away, and won't let him out. That Moulde is a real clever chap. He can do 'most anything he's a mind to. See how he's made it all hang together, even to having a letter from Mr. Cedric to put in Lord Mervyn's pocket; but I can swear that till nigh on half-past four Mr. Cedric had no more notion of going into that wood than the babe unborn. He was mentioning along the lane with his hands in his pockets, and just turning off towards the mill that lies in the other direction. 'Twas what I told him, and nothing else, that set him tearing to the cottage, and he went to save Lord Mervyn. Oh! Miss Marjorie, I feel as if it were all along of me this trouble's come upon you."

"No, no, Dinah; you must not think that. You did quite right; only——" but Marjorie did not pursue this thought aloud. She was wondering how anyone could calculate upon the chance of getting hold of Cedric at the critical moment; and she was recalled from her musings by the girl's remark that the greatest object of her parent's heart—to have Jock recognized as heir to his father's property.

But though Marjorie felt as if a knife had suddenly pierced her heart, she spoke not a word of her fears, and left her question unfinished, substituting for it another:

"Dinah, is there no way of getting hold of any of these three men?"

"Well, Miss, I expect Moulde will be too clever to be trapped, and no one knows who he is, or where he belongs; and Thomas is a regular jail-bird, and if he's had the chance of getting shipped off to 'Mericky, or anywhere like that, I expect he'll have been shipped before this. But Jakes, he's not such a bad sort. He was very bitter like at his lordship, because he was dismissed a day or two before getting Mr. Saintsbury's dirty work done quiet-like, and he blustered as much as any of them when it was all stopped and done different. All the same, he isn't all bad, isn't Jakes; and I don't believe he'd have any hand in downright murder if he could help it. Besides, he wouldn't want to have to go across sea where he's got an old mother and a sweetheart down in Kent, whom he's very fond of in his own way; and Keith's long way from this. I expect if anyone was to go quiet-like and kind, and promise no harm should come to him—and if they could find him out—he would like enough they would—that he'd tell them all, and we'd get to the bottom of the whole business."

"But suppose he isn't there? And Keat is a big county, you know."

"Well, yes, so 'tis, I suppose; but the name of his village is lightham—he told me so once. And I expect he'd be there just as safe there as anywhere, and would have his passage money in his pocket, too."

"Oh, Dinah, I wonder if it is so."

"Well, Miss, I may have guessed wrong; but I don't think Jakes would leave the country if he wasn't in real danger; and he's set by the place, and has been so much at home appeared. You won't find Moulde, and you won't find Thomas; but I do think if you go to work quietly you'll find Jakes easy."

And then, thinking that the girl looked tired, Marjorie took her departure, longing to tell all to Keith, and plan some measure like enough.

"Bravo, Marjorie!" he cried, when he had heard all her tale, and her eyes were bright with a sort of subdued excitement. "You've done famously. Jakes—Ichlham—Kent, that is a clue worth working upon. I start for that place first thing to-morrow morning."

Keith was as good as his word. Without telling anything to Mervyn of his object, he professed his intention of running up to town for a few days, and was off by the early express next morning.

Late on the evening of the third day he returned, and went straight to Mildred's boudoir, which had now become Marjorie's sanctuary when he was able to leave his room; he placed in his brother's hand a small gold pencil case, which the latter recognized with a look of surprise.

"More discoveries, Keith?"

"Yes, I have discovered the fellow who wounded you. He was told to stab you and leave you dead, but took a milder course. I have had some trouble in opening his lips, and am now fettered to a great extent by a promise of secrecy I was forced to give before I could get him to speak out at all. But the thing is slowly working round. Cedric, of course, had no hand in any murder; but I can't get direct evidence as to what had struck Adams down. I have learned this much, that this mysterious small man in 'the moleskin cap has been the planner and plotter of the whole diabolic piece of wickedness; and he has had another man who never spoke a word carried off Cedric between them—presumably to throw him into the sea."

"Cedric was a match for two ordinary men."

"Cedric had been shot, and was insensible when so carried away."

"Ah!"

"What has become of him since, I think nobody knows. But I believe if we once got hold of the ringleader of this business, we should get to the bottom of the mystery. Jakes almost said that if the man Moulde were caught he would come forward as a witness if his own safety were guaranteed; but he is plainly afraid we shall not catch the slippery customer, and that he himself is no very pleasant position if the real defaulter is missing. He was so very cautious in what he said that I can see it is no use to press him to act in a way that he feels will endanger his own safety. As I say, I am under a pledge as it is to take no open steps."

Marjorie lay quiet and thoughtful.

"The whole thing resolves itself into this—Who is the man in the moleskin cap, who has had such a strong motive for putting Cedric out of the way?

"For killing you, and letting him bear the blame you mean?"

"No; for he did not take the trouble to make sure of me, whilst Cedric was spirited away with the greatest skill. His main object then was Cedric's disappearance. Keith, who is this man?"

"You have your suspicions?"

"Yes, and so have you. The thing that remains is how to piece the evidence together to prove it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

FASTENED IN.

For a few days the captive in Mr. Vansittart's ill-omened house enjoyed such happiness as more than compensated for the dangers which seemed on every side to surround him. Sweet stolen visits from Corona were contrived with a frequency that almost surprised them, and they met under such stealth and strength returned, and though the young man was still greatly enfeebled, and afraid to exert such strength as he had lest he should excite the suspicions of his captor, he was gradually recovering, and that in a fashion which evidently disconcerted Mr. Vansittart not a little.

If Cedric could have obtained any certain information as to what was going on beyond the walls of his prison, he would have felt tempted to give warning of his whereabouts, and risked the chance of an imprisonment of a different kind. But from this course he was at this time withheld on two grounds—one his belief that all the world was against him, and that his tale would be received as the wildest fabrication, or as a clever re-concocted plot between him and Corona's guardian; the other that he really trembled at the thought of leaving her alone with that vindictive being, when his prey should have been torn from her clutches. He would be certain to guess who had given the information, and of his power and capacity of devising and inflicting suffering he already knew only too much.

As for Corona, in the first happiness of having Cedric to tend and work for her, her fears for the moment faded. She knew nothing from without save what the paragraphs in the papers said, that he was being hunted for everywhere as a murderer, to pay the penalty of his crime with his life. Small wonder then that she, believing all the world was against them, and seeing nothing but destruction awaiting him without, should feel that the perils of this gloomy house might be better faced, and that the being together there was a source at once of strength and hope. Together they might devise some plan—apart the shadows would close round more darkly than before.

Mr. Vansittart was not in a pleasant temper just now. His eyes watched those about him with restless suspicion. He was cut and snubbed by his sister; Cicely let Drake out of his sight; and though his words were smooth as butter to the sisters, they felt that he was watching them, and had some reason, that they it might not be long before he pounced down upon them.

Since his sister had spoken to her of her brother's feelings, Corona experienced a terror of her guardian greater than anything she had previously known. She thought she detected in his soft speeches a smiling glances the indications of approaching courtship; and when he alluded with a sigh to the heavy sorrow she had sustained, the carefully veiled triumph and hideous gloat she expressed by the glance often made her shiver from head to foot with a bitter sense of repulsion.

But in stolen visits to Cedric all else was forgotten; and by means of Maddie's ingenious device, when visits were unattainable, letters could be passed up and down. He was well enough to get out on to the lawn, and had no great difficulty in reaching over to get the notes passed up to him; but he had not yet attempted sending any message back. There was a difficulty in doing so his present state of weakness, and a danger that he might be seen if he attempted it by daylight.

Yet he was much in the habit of the outside air again, and to pace up and down the dull leaded walk. He only ventured to do this for a short time each day, and had not been at Mr. Vansittart's visit had been paid. His *role* was to assume an air of great feebleness in his captor's presence, and despite a certain air of suspicion, his latter appeared well satisfied with the result of his lowering treatment. The deaf mute had almost discontinued his visits, as had also Miss Vansittart. It was a trial to Cedric, though he kept this to himself, that he was to be left entirely to the mercy of Vansittart himself, so that a single imprudent or course of judicious starvation he would become as docile as a young horse submitted by a breaker to a similar process. Plainly the latter distrusted the capacity for cruelty in both his former coadjutors, and was resolved to play his own game entirely alone.

Cedric's life practically hung upon Corona's power of reaching him. That failing him, the only thing to do would be to risk all and sum mon aid from without. This had been agreed upon; the girl begging that he would in such an emergency write anything his tyrant might dictate rather than suffer at his hands. But Cedric thought he had strength to stand and stand and smile at any document of renunciation or confession, however genuine, was sure to putting his tormentor off the track, kind simply to repudiate it again on the first opportunity. Moreover, he had a shrewd suspicion that submission would not save him at his turn. His impression was strong that though the paper was wanted to help to coerce Corona, and shake her faith and love in him, he himself would never be permitted to leave those rooms alive. He knew too much of that wicked man's secrets to be suffered to go abroad. His value would cease to exist when he had compiled the documents demanded, and there would be nothing then to do but make away with him quietly and securely.

Cedric's conviction was given that his own best chance of safety lay in holding out resolutely, as with Corona's help he would be able to do. The main danger now to be faced was that as his life could not be miraculously sustained, Mr. Vansittart might soon discover without room for doubt that supplies were secretly conveyed to him, and his suspicions once awakened, might light upon the right person.

So far, however, things seemed going smoothly enough. The fortnight Corona had asked for had not yet expired, and she was left in comparative peace to make up her mind as to the course she intended to adopt.

But towards the prisoner upstairs Mr. Vansittart's manner became increasingly harsh and severe. He pressed with sinister resolution the point he had spoken of on an early occasion—namely, the renunciation of all pretensions to Corona's hand and a confession of his guilt in the matter of the murder—and each steady refusal he met with he positively appeared to add fuel to the flame of his sullen hatred.

Cedric felt that a crisis was at hand; nor were his instincts at fault.

One evening Mr. Vansittart came up to him with a look of greater amiability than usual. Cedric was, as usual, in bed, for although greatly improved in health since Corona had taken him in hand, he was by no means removed from the effects of a really serious wound, and he was not anxious for it to be known that he was as well as he really felt, lest fresh suspicions should be aroused. The elder man came and asked with smiling solicitude how he felt, and then sat down in his favorite chair, and entered into conversation.

"I am glad to find you so much better, pretty well to-night, for I have some news to communicate which may not be altogether of an agreeable nature, and I should not like to cause any relapse in the course of your recovery."

Cedric made no comment.

"I do not think you were aware of the great admiration always evinced by Lord Mervyn for my ward. Corona St. Cyr."

"No," answered Cedric, setting slightly. "I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Others have done so, though. Others have believed that your jealousy was the cause of the attack you made upon the Viscount some week or two back. It explained everything satisfactorily to the world at large."

"The world at large generally does."

"Well, for my own part, I am disposed to agree with it; more so than ever since what has recently occurred."

"And that is?"

"That is an application from Lord Mervyn for liberty to pay his addresses to Miss St. Cyr."

A quiver passed over Cedric's face, but he spoke not a word.

"You shall see the letter yourself," pursued Mr. Vansittart, who was holding a piece of paper in his hand. "I will show it to you presently. Of course, such a match is just what I should desire for Corona. I intended her to mate with the nobility, and she has always had an avowed predilection for Lord Mervyn. Nothing could be more suitable; and did the dear girl feel herself absolutely free from the imaginary bond which still binds her opposing her soul, I believe she would very soon learn to love the viscount and become a happy woman again. Only one obstacle stands in the way, and that one I have represented to the girl at all costs. Would you like to see Lord Mervyn's letter?"

Cedric held out his hand in silence, a thrill of misgiving running through him. Corona was his he knew; but if Mervyn loved her, and could raise her to wealth and honor, whilst he was condemned to drag her down to misery and disgrace, what might not it be his duty to do? Renounce her? Never! He knew her too well of that. Besides, this villain was capable of any artifice to her and all his ends. This very document might be a forgery.

But no; one glance at the familiar, characteristic writing was all the genuine; besides the letter had come through the post in the ordinary way, and was written on paper stamped with the arms and the Eagle's Crag address—things that Mr. Vansittart could not possibly have got hold of except in the usual way. Cedric took out the letter and read as follows:

"DEAR MR. VANSITTART,—I do not know if it will or any surprise to you to know that I have always felt very great admiration for your ward, Miss St. Cyr, an admiration which I have been chary of expressing, as I had reason to believe that the young lady's affections were being fixed in another direction. Now, however, that an engagement with Cedric Musgrave is an impossibility, she may possibly be prevailed on to think favorably of another, though I have no intention whatever of persecuting her with unwelcome attentions before she is able to receive them, I should be glad to know if there is any favor my suit, and to let you know what settlements I could make upon her, should I be successful in winning her affection. Would you be willing to grant me an interview some evening? I have some old family jewels designed for Corona, that I shall greatly enjoy showing to my future wife, and should like to know they might best be set so as to please her fancies. If I were to bring them with me when I am able to get out again, perhaps you and your sister could look over them and let me have the benefit of your opinion. I have one or two curious trifles which I should be glad to show you if you would accord me an hour, and think them worthy of acceptance. At any rate, a personal interview would be satisfactory if you could accord it to me.

"Yours faithfully,

"MERVYN."

Cedric read the letter in silence, and returned it with a smile. He did not know exactly what it might all mean, but he suspected a trap laid for Vansittart; but of this he could not be sure. He only felt enough to strengthen his resolve.

"And now," said the other, rising and standing before him, and speaking with great deliberation, "I know that you know exactly how things are, and the bright prospect opening out before Corona if she can but be released from the thraldom of her guardian—her wealth, position, everything heart of woman can wish awaiting her on the one side—the prospect of endless suspense, or at best a life of wretchedness and banishment upon the other—I feel that you will not hesitate longer. You will write the renunciation I have asked for before me.

"I shall do no such thing."

"Then it will be my painful duty to compel you."

Cedric smiled.

"You doubt my power? Very good. You shall see. I am sorry that Corona's happiness and welfare to think of, and you may be sure I shall let no weak feeling of pity stand in my way. You have been fairly warned; my duty plain. I wish you good-day. I shall to persuasion you will yield at last to force."

"We shall see."

"We shall see, young man. You talk bravely now. But you have never yet tried what a forty-eight hours' fast is like. If you take my advice you never will make the experiment."

Cedric, who had some private stores of good wine hidden away against emergency, heard this threat in silence, though aware that a certain time was approaching.

"If you decline to do as I desire—I will give you five minutes to consider it—I go away and leave you alone, and shall not return to place; and for eight-and-forty hours you will be left to meditation and repentance. No one will come to you till the expiration of time, however you may rave, and entreat, and implore. You are beyond hearing of anyone in the house. You had better think it over again. I assure you I will be very much pleased if the unpleasantness. You will write anything you are desired at the expiration of the time—why not do so before?"

"You have had my answer," said Cedric.

"I will give you a few more minutes for consideration."

"Thank you—that will be useless. My mind is made up."

"Very good—your stubbornness be upon your own head!" and with a look of extreme malignity, Mr. Vansittart left the room, and soon the heavy blows of a hammer became audible to Cedric's ears, the men being fastened in at his captor's pleasure. Now Maidie's aid alone gave him a chance of communicating with the outside world. Had he done right? Or was this in reality a living tomb in which he was enshrouded?

As he asked the question an involuntary shudder shook his frame. How would it all end?

(To be Continued.)

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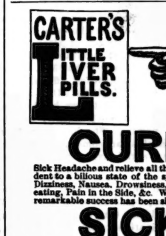

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HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCLUSION.

A few days' rest together with the tonic of her great new happiness, served to do much toward restoring Violet to her old, sweet, bright self, and the first time she was able to sit up, she insisted upon being wheeled into Mr. Lawrence's room to pay him a visit.

He greeted her with all a parent's affection and she expressed her gratitude and pleasure in being once more "at home."

"I did not know how dear it had become to me, until I was forced to remain away," she said, while the tears started to her eyes.

"It is a great comfort to me to hear you say that, dear," replied Mr. Lawrence, tenderly patting the hand that he was holding. "And now," he added, smiling archly, "how about that adoption business?—you are going to belong to me whether you will or not."

"How so?" Violet questioned.

"I suppose that Wallace has told you of the relationship that exists between us."

"Yes, he has told me that his mother was your cousin."

"And one would think that gave me but a doubtful claim upon you, eh," said her companion, playfully. "Well dear, it, at all events, makes him nearest of kin, and half of all my possessions have been willed to him—the other half is to go to a certain little lady whom I would be glad to have sign some papers which I have had prepared."

"I will sign them, dear Mr. Lawrence," Violet said with one of her charming smiles—"not for the 'possession,' mind you," she interposed, with an independent toss of her small head and smiling archly, "for I am to have a fortune of my own now you know, but for the privilege of being a real daughter to you. Who would ever have imagined that your nearest of kin would have turned out to be my—husband!" she concluded, with a pretty blush over that last word.

Every day after that she went in to sit with him, cheering him with her bright presence, ministering to him in a hundred ways, and always reading for an hour or more from his paper or some interesting book.

One afternoon, while so engaged, a servant brought her a card saying there was a lady below who wished to see her.

Violet blushed, though she also smiled with pleasure, as she saw the name of Agnes Humphrey engraved upon its polished surface.

She arose and went slowly downstairs, wondering how she should meet Miss Humphrey—wondering if she knew that she had once been pledged to marry Lord Cameron.

She was not long left in doubt as to the greeting she was to receive from that young lady, for Miss Humphrey arose as she entered the room and came forward with both hands outstretched, and when she reached her she put her arms around her and kissed her upon the lips.

"You will perhaps think me guilty of great familiarity, Mrs. Richardson," she said, flushing after the impulsive act, "but truly, I could not help it; I am so glad, and so sorry, and so delighted——"

They both laughed outright now, over this eager contradiction of terms, and then Miss Humphrey continued, "It is every word true," she said, "I am 'so glad' to know you—I have wanted to make your acquaintance ever since that day when you thanked me so sweetly for coming here to sing; and I am 'so sorry' for all the sorrow and trouble that you have had to bear—you perceive I know all about you as, I suppose, you know all about me," she proposed, blushing, while she searched the fair, sweet face before her.

Violet nodded and smiled.

"I am very glad. I hoped I should not have to explain," said Miss Humphrey, "and now I am 'so delighted' that you are Mr. Richardson's wife and that you will both be happy again after your long separation. Now, isn't this the queerest introduction you ever had in your life?" the charming little lady concluded, with a bright, sweet laugh that found its way straight into the depths of Violet's loving heart.

"It is the very nicest one in the world," she said, her fingers closing more firmly over the daintily gloved hand which she held, "and it is very good of you to come to see us in such a friendly, informal way. I have had scarcely a friend, save Mr. Lawrence, since I came to New York."

"You will not lack in that respect after this, you may be very sure," responded Miss Humphrey, "for I am going to take you under my wing during the little time I remain at home"—this with another blush—"and introduce you to all my most desirable acquaintances. And—and I have one dear friend who is very anxious to see you."

"You mean Lord Cameron?" Violet said, gravely, while she grew pale with a sudden feeling, as she remembered the last time she saw him, "but I am afraid I do not deserve that he should think kindly of me."

"Why!—because your intuitions warned you that you would be doing wrong to keep your pledge with him! Dear Mrs. Richardson," she added, as she saw the look of pain on the fair face, "let us talk this out freely. Vane has told me everything, and I assure you I am not in the least sensitive over anything that has occurred in the past; I hope I am sensible enough to consider anything in its true light. I know how you went away from Mentone, and though it was, of course, a dreadful slap in everybody at the time, they were all only too thankful afterward, when Mr. Richardson came and explained that you were his wife, and that you had been deceived regarding his death. Vane was very much grieved too, when he realized how you had been treated. He cherishes only the kindest of feelings toward you, and Lady Cameron loves you dearly."

"Lady Cameron! Is she here in New York?" Violet asked, surprised. Wallace had not thought to tell her this.

"Yes, and I was to ask you if she might come to see you to-morrow!"

"Yes, indeed—she is very kind," Violet answered, eagerly, and with starting tears, for she was deeply touched by this mark of the beautiful woman's enduring affection. "I loved Lady Cameron very much, and I know Miss Humphrey, you will enjoy her company exceedingly. What a blessing it must be to have such a mother," the fair young wife concluded, with a sigh.

"She is perfectly delightful, and I am sure I am very grateful that, since I must leave my own mother, I am to find another one so congenial in every way," and there were tears in Miss Humphrey's eyes now; for in spite of her flattering prospects it was going to be no light trial to leave her own home and friends.

She spent an hour with Violet and every moment only served to increase and strengthen their respect and regard for each other.

"You will be my friend, will you not?" Miss Humphrey pleaded, wistfully, when she finally arose to go, and extending her hand for a parting clasp.

Violet grasped it warmly.

"I could not resist you if I would," she said, earnestly, "and I am sure I shall love you dearly."

Agnes Humphrey laughed out happily at this.

"After such an assurance of that I feel at liberty to tell you that Lord Cameron and I have the most delightful plan in the world to propose to you and Mr. Richardson a little later," she said, gayly. "But I must not stay longer now—I shall come again however, in a few days."

"Do," Violet returned, eagerly. "I shall be so glad to have you."

"And now! I tell Vane that you will be glad to see him also?"

"Yes," Violet answered, but her face grew very grave. She dreaded the first meeting with Lord Cameron more than she could express.

Miss Humphrey read something of her feeling, but smiled to herself as she thought that her betrothed would smooth everything when he came.

She then took an affectionate leave of Violet, and went away, but leaving a ray of sunlight behind her that was very cheering to her new friend.

Lord Cameron called that evening, and Violet saw him in the presence of her husband.

He spoke out at once, freely and frankly, of their sad experience at Mentone, expressing his gratitude for their escape from what would have been a life-long sorrow to them both. His only regret was, he said, that she had not felt free to confide in him, trusting to his reverence for her wishes—his earnest desire for her happiness, and thus saved herself from the lonely life of toil that had followed her flight.

"And now, Violet," he said, in conclusion. "I hope you will henceforth allow me to regard you as a dear friend—a sister, if you will, for I have already conceived a brother's love for this noble fellow who is your husband, and I must earnestly desire to merit at least the esteem of his wife."

"You are worthy of my deepest reverence," Violet said, her eyes swimming in tears as she gave him her hand. "I am proud and grateful to know that you wish to be my friend, and I am more glad than I can tell you that your future is so full of promise; Miss Humphrey is charming—lovely."

"Indeed she is, Violet," Lord Cameron returned, his face lighting with pleasure at her words of praise for his betrothed; "and I am very much delighted by your mutual regard for each other. Agnes told me that she gave you a hint of a plan that we had to propose to you; it was almost too bad to excite your curiosity and then leave you in suspense," Lord Cameron said, smiling; "but she wished the proposition to come from me. It is that you and Wallace will accompany us when we go home to England. I am about to dedicate a home for orphans and aged people, and, since Wallace designed the plans for the buildings, I want you both there to honor the occasion."

"Would you like to go, Violet?" Wallace asked.

"Yes, indeed; very much," she answered, eagerly, and the two gentlemen exchanged gratified glances.

They had only that afternoon discussed the plan which was to be decided by Violet's wishes.

"But ought we to leave Mr. Lawrence?" she suddenly added, as she thought that it would seem cruel to go away upon their own pleasure while he was still confined to his bed.

"It will be nearly a month before we sail, and he will doubtless be much better by that time, and as your physician says you must have a change of some kind, and recommends a sea voyage, I know that he would rather have you go than not," Wallace replied, and thus the matter was decided.

Lady Cameron came the day following her son's call, and Violet felt as if she ought to be very happy and grateful to have the arms of love and friendship thrown around her so cordially by these old friends.

"Oh!" she cried, as she clasped Lady Cameron about the neck and hid her tearful face upon her shoulder, "I have felt as if I wanted to hide myself where you could never find me, for it seemed as if you must always regard me with aversion for causing you such sorrow and mortification."

"The experience was far more trying and sad for you, dear, than for us," Lady Cameron replied, tenderly, "and I am sure that none of us feel anything but gratitude for an act which saved us so much more of sorrow. Now, my dear Violet, let us never refer to the subject again; we will be happy in the delightful present and the bright future, and we will be the closest of friends always. I hope you will come often to see us in our English home, and we shall want to visit New York occasionally. Dry your tears, my child, and let them be the last that you ever shed over what has only resulted in good to us all."

She kissed the fair face upon her breast, and, with her own handkerchief, dried the dewy eyes, while Violet felt that she should always love her with an affection second only to that bestowed upon her husband.

Lady Cameron spent the entire day with her, and when she at last returned to her rooms at the Hoffman, Violet felt as if the last cloud had vanished from her sky.

The days went by on rapid wings after that, Violet improved wonderfully, and was once more the light of Mr. Lawrence's beautiful home, although at times her nerves reminded her that they had had a severe strain, and she was still somewhat pale and thin.

Mr. Lawrence's injuries mended slowly but surely, and he was very patient during his confinement, and cheerful, too, for Violet was tireless in her devotion to him.

When she demurred against leaving him for a pleasure trip to England, he told her it was his wish that she should go.

"You will not be absent more than a month," he said, "and I am sure you will bring brighter roses in your cheeks when you come back; besides, I have some plans of my own to attend to while you are gone."

(To be Continued.)

"O, papa, you are too good; this diamond belt is a poem!"
"Belt! Why, my dear girl, I bought that for a necklace!"
"You dear old soul! How did you ever expect me to get that little thing around my neck!"
—*Life.*

How He Reckoned Distance.

It was near the Arkansas line in Howell county, on the Mountain Home Road, that I was taken up by a native whom I encountered in possession of a shaky old vehicle and two of the poorest oxen I had ever seen. He agreed to take me the rest of my journey for a dollar and "findin's." I could not think what he meant by "findin's" and so I got up beside the native and we started. In something over half an hour the native began to squirm uneasily. Presently he murmured:

"Ain't we most thar?"

"Where?" I asked in return.

"Ther fust mile," he returned.

"I don't know," was my reply; "what has that to do with the question of going to Mountain Home?"

"Nothin'," he responded sententiously, "on yours."

Then he stopped and urged the oxen into a brisker gait, if such a thing were at all possible. Five minutes later he seemed to begin to squirm.

"Ain't this erbout right?" he began.

"For what?" I asked.

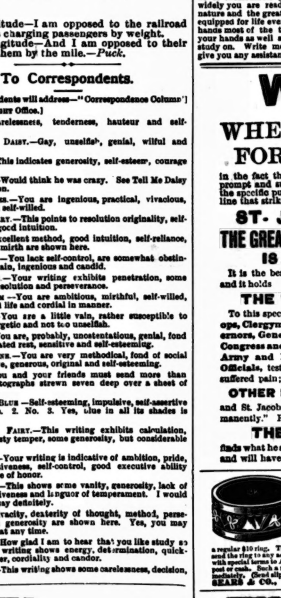
"Fer or drink," he broke out.

Then I learned that the average mountaineer measures distance by his appetite. My driver got thirsty every mile. Old timers get thirsty oftener and young fellows go further without a smile. When you contract to provide the "findin's" for an Ozark driver, it would be a good idea to learn how much experience he has had.

A Railroad Manager.

Ohio and Mississippi Railway, Office of the President and General Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 15, 1886. Gentlemen: Recently while in the act of alighting from my car I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground with a severely sprained ankle. Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into the car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be secured two bottles of it were bought and the application resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had became well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. Peabody, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

The Length and Breadth of It.



Mr. Latitude—I am opposed to the railroad companies charging passengers by weight.

Mr. Longitude—And I am opposed to their charging them by the mile.—*Puck.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.]

Githa.—Carelessness, tenderness, hauteur and self-esteem.

Tess.—Mr Daisy.—Gay, unselfish, genial, wilful and resolute.

Buffer.—This indicates generosity, self-esteem, courage and caution.

Courtney.—Would think he was crazy. See Tell Me Daisy for delineation.

Guy Fawkes.—You are ingenious, practical, vivacious, sensitive and self-willed.

Helen Carey.—This points to resolution originality, self-control and good intuition.

Peter.—Excellent method, good intuition, self-reliance, decision and mirth are shown here.

Rockwood.—You lack self-control, are somewhat obstinate, a little vain, ingenious and candid.

Madaleine.—Your writing exhibits penetration, some petulance, resolution and perseverance.

T. Jones Dear.—You are ambitious, mirthful, self-willed, fond of social life and cordial in manner.

Ruth R.—You are a little vain, rather susceptible to flattery, energetic and not too unselfish.

Bruce.—He is, probably, uncontentatious, genial, fond of unadulterated rest, sensitive and self-esteeming.

Daisy Deane.—You are very methodical, fond of social life, impulsive, generous, original and self-esteeming.

Faith.—You and your friends must send more than cramped autographs strewn seven deep over a sheet of paper.

Blonde in Blue.—Self-esteeming, impulsive, self-assertive and resolute. 2. No. 3. Yes, blue in all its shades is much worn.

Christmas Fairy.—This writing exhibits calculation, precision, hasty temper, some generosity, but considerable shrewdness.

Dragook.—Your writing is indicative of ambition, pride, order, sensitiveness, self-control, good executive ability and fine sense of humor.

Iphigenia.—This shows some vanity, generosity, lack of order, sensitiveness and languor of temperament. I would be afraid to say definitely.

Folly.—Vivacity, dexterity of thought, method, perseverance and generosity are shown here. Yes, you may write again, at any time.

Dimpler.—How glad I am to hear that you like study so well. Your writing shows energy, determination, quickness of temper, cordiality and candor.

Allie A.—This writing shows some carelessness, decision, generosity, intuitive perception and strong self will. Yes, leave a little margin. I cannot tell you what you ask.

Shirley.—Writing indicates shrewdness, originality, perseverance, decision, self-esteems, energy and faithfulness in friendships. Many thanks for your kind wishes.

Donny.—Write and apologize for the d lay, and awaken curiosity by intimating that others were responsible. Then tell the plain, exact truth, and don't get angry any more.

Sal Curiosity.—You are methodical, rather hasty in temper, genial, vivacious, self-reliant and sincere. The enclosed shows vanity, decision, an even temper, caution and mirth.

Confidence.—The English is bad, according to the rules of the English grammar, so both are correct, and it is as well, for December 13 is past and gone, and your letter was not now opened.

Constance.—See Romona for delineation. Read Di Vernon, Scott Thackeray, Shakespeare, Burns, Macaulay, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Stevenson, Howells, Joaquin Miller, Holmes and Kipling.

Molly Bawn.—I do not like your familiarity of address, and I think your remarks are conceited. You are fairly energetic, a little selfish, resolute to obstinacy, far too careless and lacking in calculation.

Esmeralda.—Your writing shows generous, intuitive perception and energy are noticeable in your writing. Louisa M. Alcott, who died a few years ago, was the author of Little Men, Joe's Boys, Little Women and Little Women Wedded.

Doris B.—You are extremely sensitive, very sympathetic, careless, imaginative, gentle in disposition and very resolute. I did not see by the envelope that you wrote. Did you find the "Old World" so very gloomy? I like it.

Miss Curosity.—Writing shows fondness for flattery, selfwill, obstinacy, carelessness, ambition and a little affectation. 2 No, go the shortest. 3 A smile of recognition is not out of place, but you should not text. 4 See Inquisitive.

Mark Twain.—Seeing that His Majesty lost his head in the time immediately succeeding his return, I should think it was a fine, decisive, resolute writing, indicative of unselfishness and cordiality, with decided ambition are shown in your wri ing.

Puzzle.—You cannot do better than brush it and clip off the dead ends. A lotion of bay rum and water in equal parts will, if rubbed thoroughly into the skin assist in keeping the scalp in a healthy condition. 2. No, do not do as you say.

Doubter.—You forget to specify the greatness. Was it a great sorrow, a great failure or a great talker, which? You are original, imaginative, impulsive, self-steeming, fond of social life, generous, a little vain, methodical, somewhat careless, a "good hater" and a passionate lover. Is it well done?

Inquisitive.—1. About sixteen. 2. It would be better not to, unless you knew him very well indeed. 3 If you are very young, it is better to have a gentleman friend accompany you. If he asks you, you must let him make all arrangements. It was no trouble and I am pleased to help you.

Lorna Doone.—I can advise nothing further. I think your course of exercise and baths excellent. It cannot fail to make you stronger. Do not fret over increasing flesh if it is solid muscular development. Your writing is that of an impulsive, indecisive girl, with a timorous disposition and a lack of self-control. You are reserving, but do not possess good executive abilities.

Romola.—No opals cannot bring you bad luck, and they are much beautiful than that I do not wonder the superstition regarding them is fading away before the light of common sense. Do not hesitate to wear your pretty ring. 2. Yes, the color of the eyes has to do with the disposition, as well as the shape and size of them. It is past Christmas now, and I do not think you will see your last question answered. You are reserved, sincere, energetic and a little vain and self-willed.

A Hamilton Subscriber.—For a book mark which is useful and dainty take two bits of pasteboard as large as the square cover of an envelope would be if you cut it out. Cover the pieces with silk or satin and stitch them together on two sides The outside may then be prettily painted or you will find the novel little concern quite the handiest of book-marks, for it slides over the corner of the leaf and holds it firmly in position. Your writing shows strong self-will, indecision in minor matters, ambition, ostentation and an extremely methodical nature.

T. J. W.—Your writing shows business talent, and satisfy your employer stick to it. I fancy that it would suit you well. With the education which you have for a foundation you can build a splendid fortune by diligent study. Do not make any mistake in that direction. People cannot know too much for their business, and a clear-headed mind will be of incalculable good to a dexterous hand. The more widely you are read, and the more you know of human nature and the great world of thought, the better you are equipped for life even if it be a business life which requires no brain work. You can make your head save your hands as well as your feet in a good many things, so study on. Write me again at any time, and I will gladly give you any assistance that I can about books or study.

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Some Curious Words.

"Valet" is the same word as "*valet*," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal." "Rotten Row," the famous London street, recalls "*la route du roi*" (the king's passageway). "Dandelion" is "*dent de lion*" (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once "*vinaigre*" (sour wine). "Madame" is "my lady," and "air" has been extracted from the Latin "*senior*," through the French. "Biscuit" keeps alive the Latin "*bis coctus*," (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a "*verum dictum*" (true saying). An "earl" was an "elder" in the primitive society, while "pope" is the same as "papa," and "*Kaiser*" is a "Cæsar." "Huzzy" was once a respectable "housewife;" a "knave" was simply a "boy"—the German "*knabe*" of to day; and a "caitiff" was in the first place merely a "captive." "Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, "*O Gemini*" used by the Romans when they called upon the twins, Castor and Pollux, to help them. A "sincompoop" was originally a person not of sound mind (*non compos mentis*), and an "assassin" a member of the sect of the "Assassins" (founded by Hassan ben Sabah in 1090). This order derived its name either from that of its founder or from that of the intoxicating drug (hasheesh), usually taken by those selected to carry out his commands in the way of "removing" any person or persons obnoxious to him.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

the Young People's Association in connection with St. Stephen's church last Monday night. The school-house was filled to its utmost capacity with an appreciative and delighted audience. The chair was occupied by that prince of chairmen, Mr. John Canavan, whose genius as a reader and reciter are so well known to all readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. Amongst those whose efforts were especially appreciated were Miss Saunders, Miss L. Shanley, Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Hirschfelder, Miss Moore and Miss Connie Jarvis. Messrs. Howden, Hirschfelder and Vaux Chadwick represented the sterner sex in song, flute and violin solos. Especially interesting to young and old was the ventriloquism of Mr. Bunting, which kept the audience in one continued outburst of merriment. I am assured that the Young People's Association of St. Stephen's is doing really good work in that parish, and I can well believe this after last Monday's excellent concert. Amongst many others present were Mrs. Canavan, the Misses Shanley, Miss Hardy, Miss Lewis, Miss Andrews, Miss Thompson, Miss Barwick, Miss Oxenham, Miss Pain and Miss Broughall.

•

One of the social attractions this season will be the conversazione to be held in the Academy of Music on February 3 by the Toronto Bicycle Club. As this is a new departure of the Torontos, and they have placed a very energetic committee in charge of the affair, the sober-minded boys in blue are looking forward to a good time, and hope to see their friends around in the usual good force. The committee is composed of Messrs. R. J. Hall, H. English, W. West, F. B. Robins, James Miln, F. J. Whatnough, E. Y. Parker, secretary, and H. Bruce Brough chairman.

•

Miss Aggie Nairn of Jarvis street returned last week from Orillia, where she was the guest of Mrs. Ardagh.

•

Mrs. Smart of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Cecil Horrocks of Shaw street.

•

One of her brightest and keenest journalists was lost to Toronto this week by the sudden death of Mr. James H. Maclean of the *World*. He was a man possessed of the news instinct if ever there was one. Reared from his early youth in a journalistic atmosphere, he made it his element. He had the restless activity that sought out news, as well as the penetrating judgment that found the one grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff. His work at the news editor's desk could not easily be surpassed, and the columns of the *World* will miss the skilful hand as his many friends will miss the kindly personality of "Jim" Maclean.

•

Mrs. Badgerow was At Home to her many friends on Saturday afternoon last, the affair being a farewell on the occasion of her departure with Mr. Badgerow for Bermuda, where the county crown attorney hopes to recruit his health. Mrs. Badgerow received, assisted by her daughter, Miss Wynnie Badgerow, and by Miss Mulholland and Miss Evelyn Badgerow. Among those present were Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Hirschfelder, Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. and Miss Monk, Mrs. and Miss Burnside, Mrs. and the Misses Hedley, Mrs. Septimus Jones, Miss Cartwright, Miss Jarvis, Miss Miller, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Messrs. George Fraser, Buchan, Harold Jarvis, Hoskin, Macrae, Wright, Kirkpatrick Morton Jones, Symons and Gordon.

•

Mrs. William Rosf was At Home on Tuesday afternoon.

•

Mrs. Byron Walker gave a delightful dance to the staff of the Bank of Commerce on Wednesday evening.

•

Mrs. William Bonnell gave a large dance on Thursday evening, and a children's party last night.

•

Cards are out for a dance at Mrs. Percy Beatty's on Monday, February 8.

•

Mrs. Sheraton of Wycliffe College invited a large number of guests to afternoon tea on Wednesday.

•

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association entertained their friends at their rooms on McCaul street, on Wednesday evening of this week. The Rev. Dean Harris contributed a short lecture, interspersed with ballads of Alonzo and Imogene, Francis King of Parma and Lovell's bride. Mrs. Belle Rose Emslie recited Aux Italiens with charming effect and received repeated encores. Instrumental solos by Miss Teresa Memory and Miss Lawlor, and songs by Miss Pringle and Miss Kate Clarke completed an enjoyable programme.

•

The friends of our young townsman, Mr. William Romain Walsh, will be pleased to learn that he has met with good success, and received high praise in Winnipeg for his dramatic work with the McDowell Comedy Company, which has been there for the past three months. He sailed last week with the company from New York for the West Indies, where they go to fill a two months' engagement in Kingston, Jamaica.

•

Miss M. Radford, who left Toronto two years ago to organize a musical conservatory at Tokio for the Board of Foreign Missions, has returned and is to be married in Montreal today to Mr. Parker R. Bradley of Boston.

•

Mrs. George A. Bingham gave a pleasant At Home at her residence, Bloor street west, on Wednesday evening.

•

On January 21, at St. Basil's Church, a large audience assembled to the marriage of Miss Boyle, daughter of Mr. Patrick Boyle, editor of the *Irish Canadian*, who was wedded to Mr. P. C. Dowdall, barrister, of Almonte. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Julie Boyle, and the groom by his brother, Mr. John Dowdall. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father O'Donoghue. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Dowdall left for New York, Boston and other American cities.

•

The many friends of the Toronto Canoe Club have learned with great pleasure that the canoeists will hold their second annual At Home at the Academy, on February 9. Last year's efforts proved such a remarkable success that it has been found necessary to again limit the number of invitations. It is expected this will be one of the most pleasant and enjoyable affairs of the season. The canoeists have an enviable reputation in matters of this kind, and the special committee will spare no trouble or expense to make all arrangements perfect. Their aim is to give the members and their friends a splendid dance without the customary crush, and judging from the experience of last year the present committee are quite capable of carrying it out.

Art and Artists.

ONE of the most successful Bohemian affairs held in Toronto this season was the smoking concert given by the Ontario Society of Artists at their rooms on King street, to the newspaper men of Toronto on last Saturday evening. About half a hundred artists and newspaper writers were present and a better looking assemblage of young men it would be difficult to congregate. A spirit of *insouciance* and good fellowship pervaded the misty air and every one present came under its spell. With some light refreshment to appease the inner consciousness and music, song, dance and dramatic recital to spirit away dull care, the guests were made happy and the hosts were happy that their object was accomplished. Music was furnished by the orchestra of the Academy of Music, an exquisite violin solo by Mr. B. L. Faeder, banjo solos by Mr. Richards, and piano solos by Messrs. Theodore Martens and J. A. Radford. Songs were contributed by Messrs. Sims Richards, Fred Warrington and Jack Garvin. A number of excellent readings were given by Mr. F. M. Bell Smith, and Mr. Sam Jones. Among the journalists present I noticed: Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Messrs. Wallis, Healey, Ketchum, Jackson, Galt, Smith, Russell, Currie, and Harrington of the *Mail*, Messrs. Good, Long, Cronin and Houston of the *Empire*, Messrs. Kelso, Lyon, and Smith of the *Globe*, Mr. Clissold of the *Telegram*, Messrs. Ryan, Campbell, and Garvin of the *News*, and Messrs. Garrett and Ferguson of the *World*. A large number of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists were present, together with a number of others unconnected with either body.

•

Something in the nature of a social evening was inaugurated by the Art Students' League last Friday, and will be held fortnightly to relieve the monotony of incessant drawing from models. In place of the regular drawing a subject was given—the subject given at the first meeting was "Silence"—and each one prepares a sketch illustrating it. One of the best sketches illustrating "Silence" was a bugler lying dead with his bugle by his side. Such a programme gives abundant scope for good work and unlimited amusement.

•

At the regular fortnightly meeting of the Architectural Sketch Club on Tuesday evening, a paper on Building Materials was read by Mr. H. P. Gordon, which proved interesting to all present, for without that very important factor, material, even the most artistic conception would be useless and the wildest flight of fancy in design, nothing more than mere prettiness on paper. The lecturer was tendered a vote of thanks. Mr. Frank Darling then criticized the drawings for the monthly competition. Mr. C. H. Acton-Bond was awarded first place in the senior division, and Mr. J. Y. S. Russell in the junior division. VAN.

The Gondoliers.

Gilbert & Sullivan's comic opera, The Gondoliers, will be performed at the Grand Opera House next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. This opera is now admitted to be one of Gilbert & Sullivan's best—a no small eulogy. The Gondolier company have demonstrated that they possess material to render it in admirable style. The opera will be produced here on a magnificent scale. The sale of seats commenced yesterday.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The uncertainty as to the opening of Parliament has rather put a damper upon the usual winter festivities in the Capital, and the probabilities are that owing to the lateness of the session, the season will not be nearly as gay as usual. Lady Stanley has been giving her Saturday afternoon skating and tobogganing parties, but has so far given only one dinner party of any dimensions at Government House.

The following small dances were held last week: An At Home by Miss M. P. Davis; a dance at Mrs. Cote's; an At Home by Mrs. A. J. Christie, a most enjoyable dance by Miss Sparks and one by Mrs. Lee of Metcalfe street. Mrs. Costigan of Cooper street gave a card party on Wednesday last, and Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell a dinner party on the same evening. A dinner was also given last Saturday evening by the Secretary of State in honor of Count de Rossignac who is spending a few days in the city.

The affair par excellence of the week, however, was a ball given at the Russell House by Mrs. St. Ouge Chapleau, at which all the *élite* of the city were present. As this was really the first social gathering of any importance this season the fine rooms of the Russell were thronged with the fashion of the Capital. The decorations were in every way worthy of the well known artistic taste of the hostess. A reception parlor on the first floor was fitted up as a refreshment room, the corridors were brilliantly illuminated, while a suite of rooms was so arranged as to form a magnificent ballroom. Downstairs, in the ladies' ordinary, prettily decorated for the occasion, supper was served at midnight to about two hundred guests. Among the guests were Major the Hon. C. R. Colville and Mrs. Colville, Captain the Hon. Mr. Walsh, A.D.C., Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron and Miss Caron, Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Tupper, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Chapleau, Hon. John and Mrs. Costigan, Capt. and Mrs. Bliss, Col. Lay, U. S. Consul; Capt. Macpherson, 79th Highlanders; Mr. and the Misses Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Isbester, Mr. and Mrs. E. Miall, Mr. and Miss Gisborne, Dr. and Miss Selwyn, Hon. John Haggart and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell. The music was supplied by the orchestra of the Governor-General's Foot Guards.

On Thursday of last week Sir John and Lady Macdonald entertained the following ladies and gentlemen at dinner at Erncsclift: Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, Sir John and Lady Thompson, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dawdney, Major-General Herbert, C.B., and Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Mr. Welsh, M.P., Miss Clifton, Hon. W. Walsh, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Miss McClymont and Mr. F. W. Avery.

Of the events to come, Miss Macdonald has issued invitations for a small dance at Ernescliff on Monday, February 9. Mr. and Mrs. Machray give a *bal poudre* at the Russell House on Friday, January 30. A number of guests have been invited from Toronto and Montreal. The bachelors intend giving a ball on the evening of the 29th.

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THE BON MARCHE

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LADIES' HEPTONETTE CLOAKS

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250 Misses Rubber Coats, from $1 to $1 75
175 Boys' Rubber Coats, from $1.50 to $5
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"My what?" inquired the other in amazement.

"Well, haven't we to exchange bullets?"

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Blotted Out.

I had gone to the cemetery with a friend to view the monument he had erected in memory of one of his family, and we were afterwards strolling about in the winding paths, when we met an old woman, a gray-haired, wrinkled, and feeble old woman, who had been compelled to rest in her walk.

"I was looking for—for Potter's Field," she explained, as we came up.

We offered to show her the way, and as she limped along at a slow pace she said:

"They are all buried there—husband and three children. It was sickness, poverty, and death, and the dead had to go to Potter's Field. We felt the shame of it, but what could we do?"

"Will you remember the locality?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I used to come quite often, but it's been five years since I was here last, as I moved away. There's a big elm, with a limb branching off to the left, and near by is the tombstone of a soldier."

When we reached the space reserved for the bodies of the very poor she was all attention, but we had walked half a mile before she identified the tree.

"It's right here that he was buried, while the children's graves are further down," she said as she stood by the tree.

Next moment a wall of anguish was wrung from her heart. Men had been there and levelled the earth—blotted out the mounds and filled up the hollows to prepare for other pauper graves—to bury the dead atop of the dead. It was so further down. The rough mounds which had once marked the children's grave to a mother's eye were there no longer.

"I—I had to come once more!" she sobbed in her bitterness of spirit. "It is the last time, for I am old and feeble. If they had left the mounds I could have told mine from all others. But see! There are no graves here! My dead are gone, and I shall never find them again!"

And as we passed on she sank down on the grass beneath the shade of the tree she had kept so long in mind, and her tearful pleas followed us like those of some starving child desperate in his despair.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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This sale affords every citizen of Toronto and Ontario an opportunity of making every Four Dollars purchase Five Dollars' worth, whether in personal wear, such as Mantles, Ready-Made Dresses, Wrappers, Dress Goods, Silks, Skirts, Clothing, Furs, Underwear, or in Domestic Goods, Bedding or Table Napery.

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Births.

ALEXANDER—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. E. T. Alexander—a daughter.
BROWN—At Hamilton, on January 14, Mrs. Harry Brown—a son.
HAWLEY—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. John Hawley—a son.
MORPHY—At Oshawa, on January 24, Mrs. Henry E. Morphy—a son.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on January 18, Mrs. Griffith Williams—a son.
HANSFORD—At Toronto, on January 24, Mrs. J. E. Hansford—a daughter.
DAVIES—At Ridgeland, Ill., on January 10, Mrs. Edwin C. K. Davies—a daughter.
HEPBURN—At Chapleau, Ont., on January 15, Mrs. W. Hepburn—a daughter.
ROONEY—At Toronto, on January 21, Mrs. Peter J. Rooney—a daughter.
WHITE—At Chatham, on January 25, Mrs. J. W. White—a son.
IRVINE—At Georgetown, Texas, on January 15, Mrs. A. T. Irvine—a son.
WILSON—At Toronto, on January 23, Mrs. Jos. Wilson—a daughter.
COOK—At Toronto, on January 22, Mrs. William Cook—a son.
ROLF—At Toronto, on January 28, Mrs. James R. Rolf—a daughter.
EDDIS—At Toronto, on January 28, Mrs. Francis A. Eddis—a son.
FOSTER—At Aldershot, Eng., on January 13, Mrs. Terrelle W. Foster—a son.

Marriages.

STEVENSON—BOYD—At Clinton, on January 27, Hugh Stevenson of Belleville to Frances Boyd.
WARREN—ALLWARD—At Toronto, on January 21, Frederick Napier Warren of Barrie to Wilhemina Allward.
SPRAGUE—BEAUCHAMP—At Dobsagrgeon, on January 19, Alfred Nostrand Sprague of Santa Rosa, Cal., to Nellie Ward Beauchamp, of Toronto.
DUNCAN—NORTON—At Toronto, on January 19, Geo. H. Duncan to C. Lillian Norton.
WRIGHT—MATTICE—At Toronto, on January 21, J. C. Wright to Annie E. Mattice.
WILLIAMS—KING—At Toronto, on January 21, Leopold T. W. Williams to Charlotte Vera Mary King.
ANDERSON—BARCLAY—At Mono Center, on January 20, James J. Anderson to Beatrice Barclay.
WRIGHT—JOHNSON—At Toronto, on January 28, Henry A. Wright to Annie Dennis Johnson.
McGRAW—TROY—At Toronto, on January 23, Andrew George McGraw to Minnie Troy.

Deaths.

CROOK—At Woodstock, on January 25, Mrs. C. J. Crooks, aged 59 years.
DEAN—At Toronto, on January 26, Carrie Dean, aged 14 years.
McLEAN—At Toronto, on January 26, Mrs. Archd. G. McLean.
BOYD—At Toronto, on January 24, Sophia Barbara Ross Thibodo—At Toronto, on January 27, Mrs. Augustus James Thibodo.
WIGGINS—At Toronto, on January 27, Mrs. John Wiggins, aged 47 years.
WALLACE—At Newton Brock, on January 27, Mrs. John W. Wallace, aged 60 years.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on January 26, Thomas R. Williams aged 70 years.
WALLIS—At Toronto, on January 26, 1 last son of Charles H. and Minnie Wallace, aged 5 months.
CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on January 25, Annie Sophia Campbell aged 24 years.
CAMERON—At Toronto, on January 24, Mrs. Benny Cameron, aged 36 years.
WALKER—At Hamilton, on January 24, James Walker, aged 84 years.
BERFORD—At Perth, Ont., on January 21, William Welland Berford, aged 44 years.
MACLEAN—At Toronto, on January 27, James Hector Maclean, aged 24 years.
SOMERS—At Toronto, on January 26, Mrs. Mary Somers, aged 70 years.
REEKIE—At Aurora, on January 26, Mrs. R. Reekie.
GREEN—At Davenport, on January 24, Joseph Green.
FISH—At Otterville, on January 26, Mrs J. Wesley Fish, aged 35 years.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on January 26, William Arthur Clarke, aged 18 months.
BAGSHAW—At Uxbridge, on January 22, Abraham Bagshaw, aged 85 years.
HILLS—At Toronto, on January 25, Albert Thomas Bertie Hills, aged 14 years.
BEATTY—At Thorold, on January 22, Mrs. Frances Beatty, aged 87 years.
EAGLE—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. Margaret Eagle, aged 64 years.
GATES—At Toronto, on January 23, Arthur Gates, aged 33 years.
LUCAS—At Toronto, on January 24, Henry Lucas, aged 34 years.
LONGBOTTOM—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. Charles Longbottom, aged 67 years.
MACKENZIE—At London, on January 20, Mrs. Philip Mackenzie, aged 51 years.

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40 inch Factory Cotton at 9c. per yard.
8-4 Unbleached Sheetings at 17½c. and 20c. per yard. 9-4 at 22½c. and 25c. 10-4 at 25c. and 27½c.
8-4 Bleached Sheetings at 20c. and 22½c.
9-4 Bleached Sheetings at 27½c. and 30c.
10-4 Bleached Sheetings at 32½c. and 35c.
Table Linen, unbleached, at 20c., 25c. 27½c., 30c. and 35c.
Extra qualities at 37½c., 40c., 45c. and 50c.
Table Linens, bleached, at 30c., 35c. and 50c.
Extra qualities at 50c., 60c., 65c., 75c. and 85c.
Bleached Table Cloths from $1.20 to $3 each.
Table Napkins from 30c. to $4 per doz.

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Pillow Cottons from 10c. per yard.
White Doylies at from 75c. to $1.75 per doz.
Sideboard Covers at from 75c. to $1.25 each.
Stair Linens from 11c. to 20c. per yard.
Brown Hollands from 10c. to 20c. per yard.
Crumb Cloths (linen) $1.25 to $2.75 each.
Russia Crash at 4½c. per yard.
Butcher Linen from 11c. to 25c. per yard.
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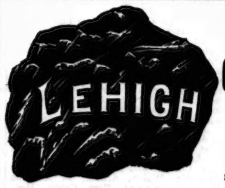

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